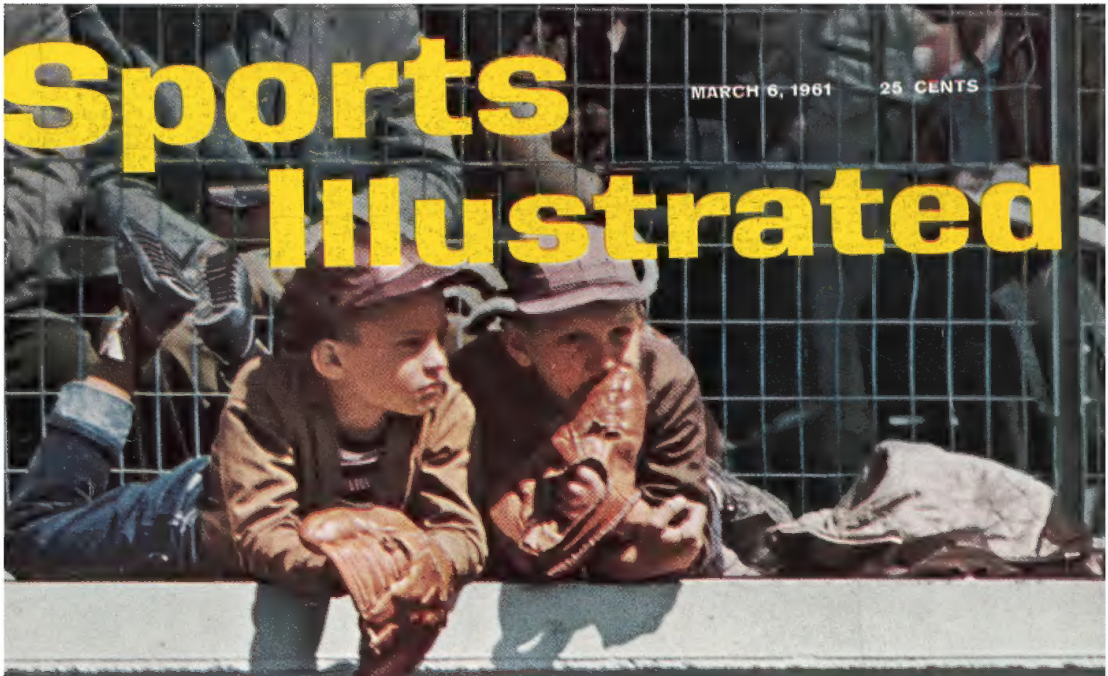
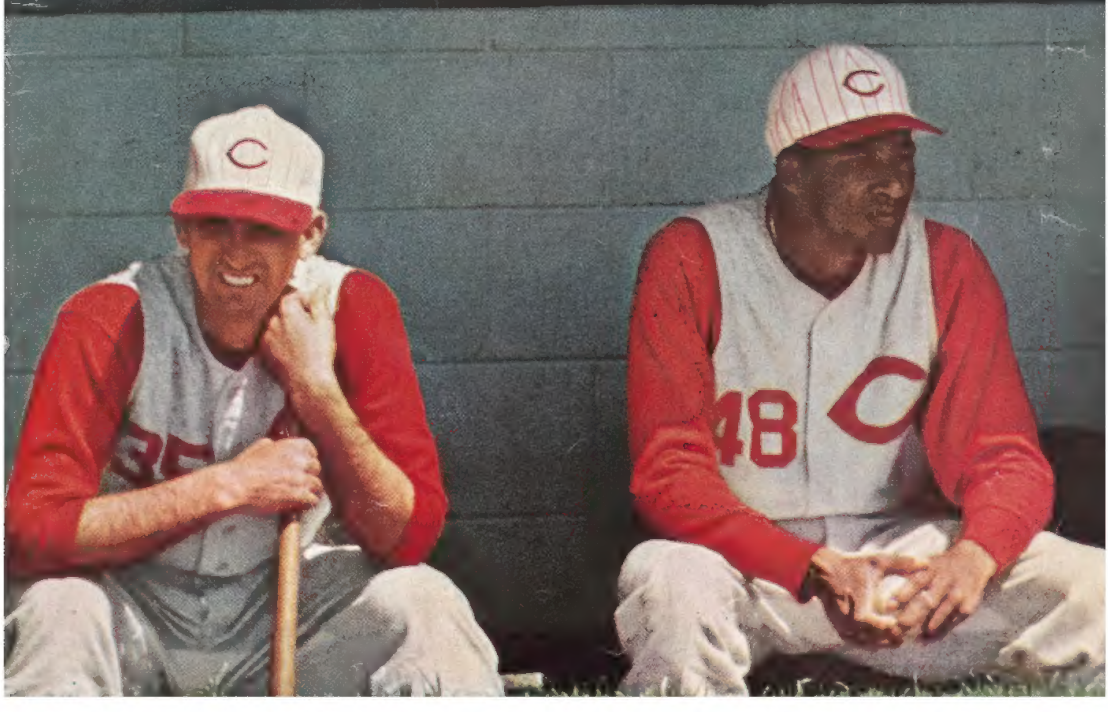
Sports Illustrated

MARCH 6, 1961 25 CENTS



SPRING TRAINING 1961



Fortunate father Ernie Klack

gets Carter's knitted boxer shorts from his Klack claque

Observe the fitting tribute to the head of the family — Carter's new knit boxers. And how they fit! Wife Irma and the kids know that Ernie always welcomes the trim looks and soft comfort of these cotton knit shorts. And Irma's well aware that they never need ironing (Carter's made ironing obsolete years ago — as if you didn't know). Singularly smart suggestion for spoiling a man: gifts of boxer shorts knitted by Carter's.

Ernie Klack is any guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it uncivilized (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.

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Contents

MARCH 6, 1961 *Volume 14, Number 9*

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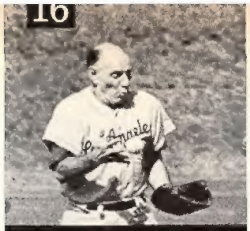

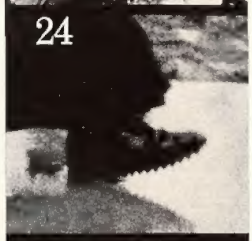

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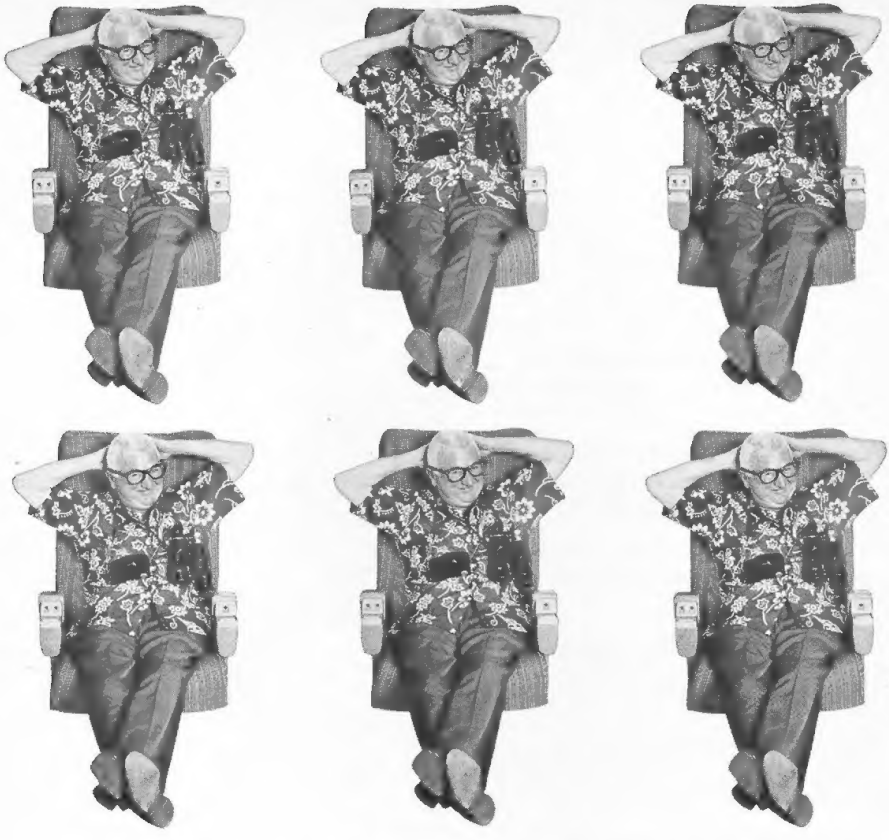
Acknowledgments on page 75

Next week

A French revolution is currently sweeping the high-powered world of ski racing, and France is making a national effort to be certain that the revolution proves successful.

Conference champions and the leading independents are scouted in a preview of basketball's annual NCAA tournament that includes a chart of the draw for all the games.

An artist's interpretation of Floyd Patterson, color photographs, and an appraisal by Gilbert Rogin highlight our preview of the third Patterson-Johansson world title fight.



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SCORECARD

DEADLINE

President Kennedy sent his special message on natural resources to Congress last week, and it turned out to be a message of great good cheer for everyone who cares about the outdoors. It called for a national program and prompt, strong action to save America's as yet unspoiled open country. It placed outdoor sports and recreation on the same level of importance as, say, the hydroelectric development of our rivers.

Two hours after the message was read, Stewart Udall, Kennedy's energetic Secretary of the Interior, called his department heads together. "We have been given the opportunity to equal and excel the conservation record of Theodore Roosevelt," Udall said. "Let's get busy."

Udall told his men to prepare a detailed, practical program to benefit every part of the country. The deadline: two weeks.

HAPPY OBSESSION

Ralph A. Kennedy, a pencil salesman and later sales executive who was born in Hopkinton, Mass. and died in N.Y. City last week at the age of 78, suffered from a wonderful obsession. It was to see how many different golf courses he could play. After 47 years (he started in 1910 and ground to a halt in 1957) his total was 3,150—as unassailable a record, we warrant, as ever was posted in sports. He played all 9 or 18 holes of each course and tried never to shoot the same course twice. He was chagrined to learn that No. 3,036 was the same as No. 1,002—Jumping Brook near Asbury Park, N.J. Naturally, he counted it only once.

He played at Guayaquil, Ecuador, where fissures in hard-baked clay fairways sometimes swallow the ball (no penalty besides loss of the ball). At Negritos in Peru he found the fairways and greens were sand and the ball (painted black) had to be dug out after each lofted shot.

No. 3,000 was, by design, St. Andrews. There, at the age of 69, he shot a formidable 93. *Requiescat.*

BREAKING THE TAPE

The other day an interested coed asked John Mariucci, coach of the University of Minnesota hockey team: "Why do hockey players tape their sticks?" As is too often the case in sport, an honest question got a flip answer: "Because they've always taped them, that's why." As a one-time Chicago Black Hawk, Mariucci could have told the coed that tape protects the stick when it is swung into a slap shot, and gives the stick-

handler better puck control. If he had, she might not have written the school paper to suggest that a better use could be found for the $500 the university spends each year on tape.

BOILING BOB

Bob Cousy, the articulate 11-year performer who elevated the professional basketball player to whatever stature he may have today, spoke harshly in Los Angeles the other evening; and when Cousy speaks about the National Basketball Association, everyone listens.

"The owners are going for quantity instead of quality," began Cousy. "Now they're talking about increasing the schedule, which is ridiculous. We ought to play fewer games and devote more time to promoting them. I'm fed up with playing basketball. There isn't a player in this league who isn't dragging. This has been the worst year for travel yet.

"The Los Angeles Lakers," Cousy went on, "make the rest of us look like we're on a Sunday outing [The Lakers will travel 100,000 miles this season]. They're on the road constantly. I saw them waiting to get out of Chicago. They were bushed."

Cousy's team, the Boston Celtics, is sure to be in the playoffs, but that does not make Cousy happy: "The playoffs are a farce. We play 79 games to eliminate one team in each division, now they even added two games to the playoffs. Instead of the first round being the best of three games, it's best of five. Then a best of seven for the division and four of seven for the championship. You can't expect the players to sustain any drive. The playoffs should be abolished. A 50-game season is enough with the division champions meeting in a true World Series."

Maurice Podoloff, the president of the NBA, answered much as any league president would. "The spectators like the playoffs, so they are not a farce."

HAND IN GLOVE

Lefty Gomez, the old Yankee, was in there pitching last week before the U.S. Tariff Commission in Washington. A representative of a sporting goods company, Lefty testified that the U.S. market was being flooded with Japanese baseball gloves. "In the past couple of years," he said ominously, "more and more youngsters have been using imported gloves and mitts."

Lefty's fears were borne out by statistics. Imports of baseball gloves rose from 137,000 in 1957 to 2,412,000 last year. Over the same period, American production slumped from 3,334,000 to 2,653,000. "It's the difference in price," Lefty admitted. A glove an American manufacturer sells for $16.95, for instance, can be duplicated by his Japanese counterpart for $5.95. What Lefty was asking, of course, was that domestic manufacturers be given greater tariff protection.

The situation brings to mind a remark of Casey Stengel's. "Those Japanese players will never make it in the big leagues," he said. "Their

continued

hands are too small." But their gloves and their prices seem to be just the right size.

BY JINGO

How important to the U.S. are—or should be—international victories in sport? That tricky question, usually begged by politicians, got a forthright answer from Attorney General Kennedy last week. He said: "We don't want to read in the papers in the coming years that our country was second to the Soviet Union in the Olympics and then four years later that it was third or fourth or fifth. We want to be first."

AFL VS. ND

Colleges have been complaining for years that pro football scouts try to recruit players while they are still on campus. Now the situation has been reversed, or at least bent double. Bud Adams, owner of Houston's American Football League team, says Notre Dame Coach Joe Kuharich "lured away one of my best prospects, Mike Ditka of Pitt, and led him to the Chicago Bears of the NFL. I don't plan to say anything directly to Notre Dame, but I have already spoken to a friend of mine, George Strake. George, one of the 50 wealthiest men in the world, is on our board of directors and a big Notre Dame benefactor. It seems to me George can do a better job of telling Notre Dame that Joe ought to spend more time with his own team and let the National Football League take care of itself."

LET 'EM EAT FRENCH FRIES

Roger Moens, Belgian world record holder for the half mile, likes his steak. When he arrived in New York to compete in the current indoor track championships, he was taken to a track writers' luncheon, where he was served a triple lamb chop. Moens—not internationally famed for his courtesy—held out for a thick steak. Then he wanted to know what he was going to get for running, and he was told, "A gold watch—if you win." "I think I'll take the next boat home," Moens grunted.

After lunch Moens went to his room at the Paramount Hotel, convenient to Madison Square Garden, where athletes competing in the Garden often stay. Moens, along with

continued

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Valeri Brumel and others in the meet, was treated by the AAU to a single room there—usual daily rates $7 to $11. He also had the standard $10 a day for eating and incidentals allowed all our visiting foreign competitors. Moens could either return $8 of the $10 and sign for everything he ate at the Paramount or he could blow the entire allowance in outside restaurants. The Paramount itself has no restaurant—only a coffee shop where a man can get a thin, sliced steak, French fries, salad, roll and butter for $1.95, but no triple lamb chops or double sirloins. An athlete's craving for thick steaks strikes us as neither reprehensible nor unreasonable, but on $10 a day Moens would not eat many in New York in 1961, even if he rode the subway.

As entertainment Moens was offered a ticket to a dog show. He growled and got a basketball ticket instead. After finishing second to George Kerr in the Matt Halpin Half Mile of the New York Athletic Club meet, Moens flew back to Belgium.

"That fellow wanted money, not meals," said Dan Ferris, director of the AAU. Roger evidently felt he didn't get either.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Without a rash of tips on "the club to watch," the first rites of spring training would seem colorless. Everyone's tip this year: the Los Angeles Dodgers, loaded with pitching, power, speed and depth.

• Watch for Hialeah to cut date for releasing Widener Handicap weights from six weeks before race to two. Reason: in past late-developing horses got edge from handicapper. Yorky's recent Widener win under ridiculous 116 pounds caused furor among other horse owners.

• If the University of Minnesota changes its policy and votes to send a Big Ten team to the 1962 Rose Bowl, the man behind the move will be O. Meredith Wilson, the school's new president.

• Soviet Premier Khrushchev has reproved commissars in Kiev, Novosibirsk and Voronezh for squandering rubles on plush sporting palaces to compete with Moscow's Lenin Stadium. Build houses, Nikita has told them.

FACES IN THE CROWD

YVONNE LESLIE, attractive, blonde Indianapolis golfer, scored a hole-in-one on 112-yard par-3 seventh hole at the Sea Island (Ga.) Golf Course using a four-iron (in January), duplicated the feat a month later on the same hole using the same four-iron.

TONY GODFREY, London aircraft draftsman, won U.S. Motorcycle Club's International Grand Prix at Daytona Beach, Fla. with borrowed cycle, did 40 laps around 3.1-mile course in 90.6-mph average speed, finished ahead of Buddy Parriott of La Puente, Calif.

CHARLOTTE LEE of Short Hills, N.J. teamed with James Gordon of Chatham, N.J. to take national mixed doubles platform tennis title at Darien, Conn., beating Ted Winpenny of New Canaan, Conn., Louise Raymond of Scarsdale, N.Y., 8-6, 6-2.

PETER MYLENKI, junior at Bergen Catholic High School in Oradell, N.J., bowled 300 game against Our Lady Queen of Peace of North Arlington, N.J., later bowled 211 and 257 games for 256 average, admitted he was so scared "all I could see was my spot."

A. W. DAVIS, 6-foot 7-inch senior at Rutledge (Tenn.) H.S., scored 41 points in next-to-last regular season basketball game, broke Tennessee high school season scoring record (formerly held by NBA Star Bailey Howell), amassed 1,182 points in 32 games.

THOMPSON MANN, freshman at the University of North Carolina, set two national collegiate freshman swim records in four days, churned through 200-yard backstroke in 2:08.3 (old record: 2:09.6) and 100-yard backstroke in 57.0 (old record: 57.1).

POINT OF FACT

A Thoroughbred racing quiz to test the ingenuity and add to the knowledge of the $2 bettor and the armchair expert

? *How are race horses named?*

• Ideally a name should indicate some specific relationship to either the sire or the dam—or both (*i.e.*, Native Dancer, by Polynesian out of Geisha). All names must be approved by The Jockey Club, and they may contain no more than 16 characters, counting all spaces and punctuation. Names used in the past 15 years are disallowed, as are famous names (*e.g.*, Man o' War) and the names of stake races or racing stables. The Jockey Club may also refuse any name that sounds like, or is too similar to, a previously registered name or that hints of advertising or is in questionable taste. Names of living persons can be used only with their written permission.

? *In the program Horse A is shown as part of the field. What does this mean and how did he get there?*

• In pari-mutuel betting the totalisator holds only 12 betting units, and only tickets on this number can be sold. When there are more than 12 entries in a race, some must be counted as a single unit in the betting and these are then known as the field. Horse A was placed there by a track official (often in the mutuel department) because, in this man's opinion, he and the other horses in the field had the least chance of winning.

continued

POINT OF FACT *continued*

? *In an entry, one horse is of superior ability, while his running mate is an ordinary plater who would be 100 to 1 were he running alone. The public has bet the entry down to even money, but at the starting gate the good half of the entry injures himself and is scratched by the stewards. The bad half of the entry finishes a poor last as expected. Is the public entitled to any refund?*

• No. If the injured horse was not part of an entry, the money bet would be refunded. But since there is one horse to run for the entry, all bets stand.

? *What is breakage?*

• To simplify the already complicated pari-mutuel system, payoffs are made to the nearest nickel or dime, depending on the state. The odd pennies that result are known as breakage. In some states this is divided between the state and the track; in others it goes to either the track or the state; and in still others the track and the state divide the breakage after business for the meeting reaches a specific volume.

? *Are there any race tracks in the U.S. that have a course with a right-hand bend?*

• Only one, the Camino Real turf course at Santa Anita, Calif.

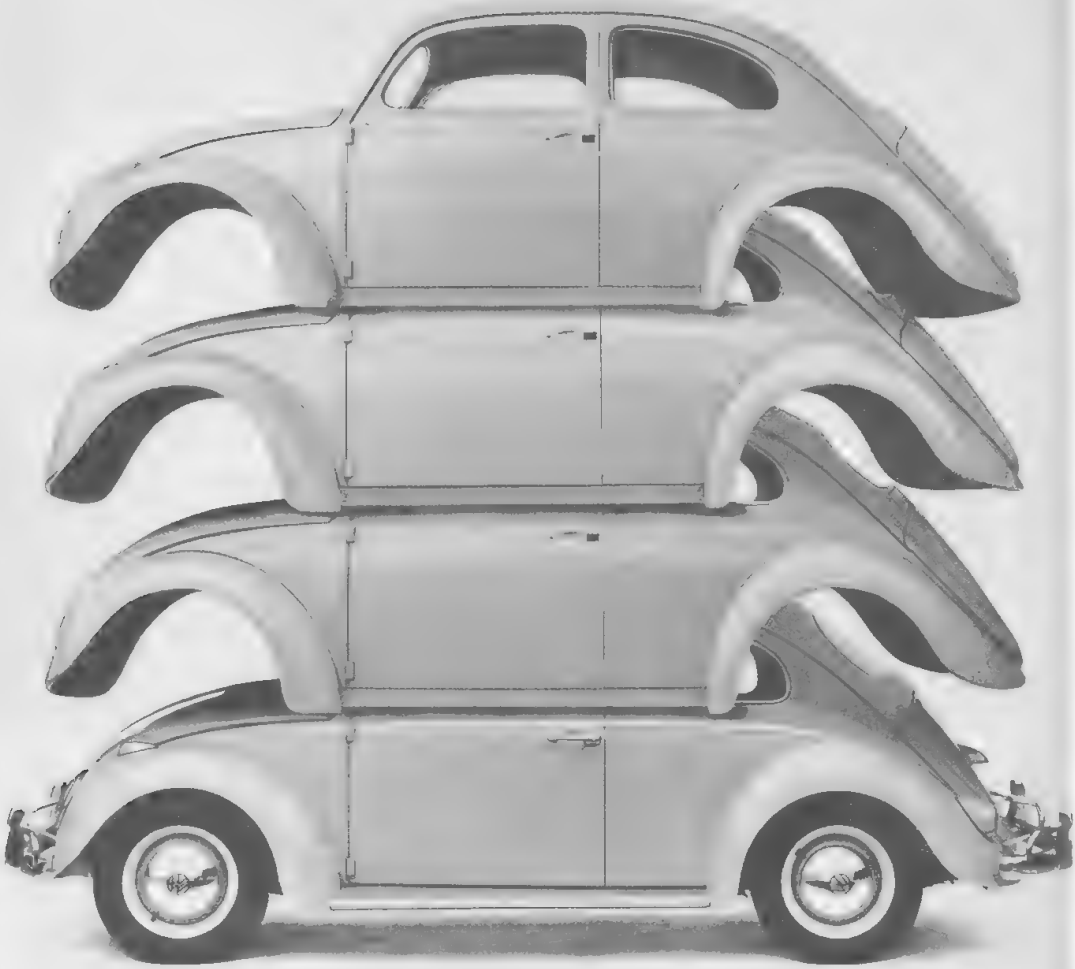
? *How are post positions allotted?*

• The post position, or the number of the stall that a horse breaks from, is entirely a matter of chance. After entries for a race have closed, the racing secretary takes the entry blanks, shuffles them and then picks one. Someone, often an owner or trainer, is invited to shake a numbered ball out of a bottle. The number that comes up is that horse's post position. This procedure is followed for all the horses in the race.

? *At the start of a race, Horse A is left in the gate. What happens to the money that has been bet on him?*

• If Horse A is not part of an entry or the field, the stewards determine whether the stall door of the starting gate failed to open or if he did not choose to run. If mechanical difficulties stopped A from running, all money bet on him is refunded upon the presentation of pari-mutuel tickets. If, however, the stall door opened and Horse A just did not run, no money is refunded.

—BETTINA BLACKFORD



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Incidentally, the fourth coat is an extra dividend the factory declared back in November. It gives the Volkswagen finish even more transparency and depth. (You don't look *at* it; you look *into* it.) And, of course, it's still another protective coat against the weather.

This is the sort of excess that makes a Volkswagen a Volkswagen.

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COMING EVENTS

March 3 to March 9
All times are E.S.T.

★ *Color television* ◉ *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, March 3

BASKETBALL (college)
USC at UCLA.

BOWLING
PBA Empire State Open, $17,000, Albany (through March 5).

HOCKEY (college)
Colorado College at University of Denver.
Michigan at Michigan State
North Dakota at Minnesota (also March 4).

TENNIS
Pacific Coast Men's Doubles Championship, La Jolla, Calif. (through March 5).

TRACK & FIELD
New York Knights of Columbus meet, Mad Sq Garden, New York.

Saturday, March 4

BASKETBALL (college)
Indiana at Iowa
Michigan State at Ohio State.
Nebraska at Kansas State
◉ Purdue at Illinois (Sports Network regional TV).*
St. Bonaventure vs. Canisius at Memorial Auditorium, Buffalo.
◉ St. Louis at Bradley, 2 p.m. (ABC).
Stanford at USC
(pro)
◉ Syracuse at Philadelphia, 2 p.m. (NBC).

BOXING
◉ Fullmer vs. Robinson, NBA middle title bout, 15 rds., Las Vegas, Nev., 10 p.m. (ABC).

BOWLING
ABC Tournament, Detroit (through May 21).
◉ Bowling Stars, Lubanski vs. Welu (NBC).*

COURT TENNIS
Natl Doubles Championship, Boston.

GOLF
◉ All-Star Golf series, Sanders vs. Collins, 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC

HOCKEY (college)
Dartmouth at Princeton.
Harvard at Yale.
(pro)
Detroit at Montreal.
New York at Toronto.

HORSE RACING
Barbara Fritchie Handicap, $25,000, Bowie
Louisiana Derby, $40,000, Fair Grounds
◉ Magic City Handicap, $15,000, Gulfstream Park (Sports Network regional TV).*
Santa Anita Derby, $100,000, Santa Anita

TRACK & FIELD
Heptagonal Games, Ithaca, N.Y.
Metropolitan Intercollegiate Champs., New York.

Sunday, March 5

BASKETBALL (pro)
◉ Cincinnati at New York, 2:30 p.m. (NBC).

HOCKEY (pro)
Detroit at New York.
Montreal at Boston.
Toronto at Chicago.

Monday, March 6

BASKETBALL (college)
Iowa at Michigan State.

Tuesday, March 7

HOCKEY (college
Boston College at Boston University.
(pro)
Boston at Detroit.

Wednesday, March 8

HOCKEY (pro)
Chicago at New York.

Thursday, March 9

GOLF
Jamaica Open, $10,000, Kingston, Jamaica (through March 12).
Pensacola Open, $20,000, Pensacola, Fla. (through March 12.

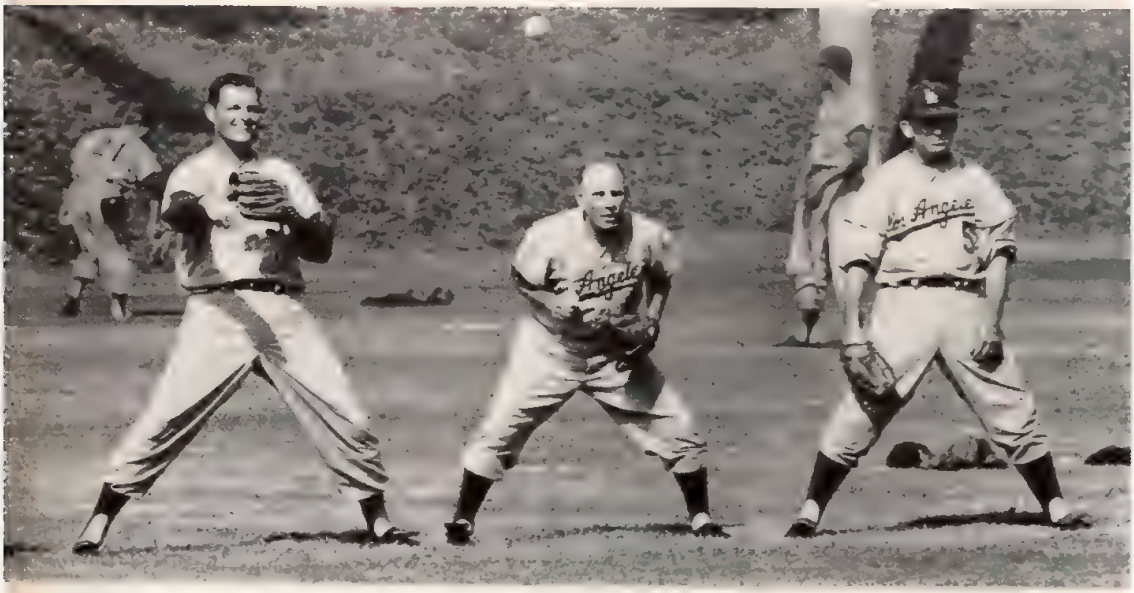
HOCKEY pro
Detroit at Boston.
New York at Montreal.

SWIMMING
Big Five Champs., Berkeley, Calif. (through March 11)
Eastern Intercollegiate Champs., Princeton, N.J. (through March 11)

*See local listing

Sports Illustrated
MARCH 6, 1961

THE RETURN OF



1. AN INTENT LEO WATCHES AS DON DRYSDALE THROWS BALL

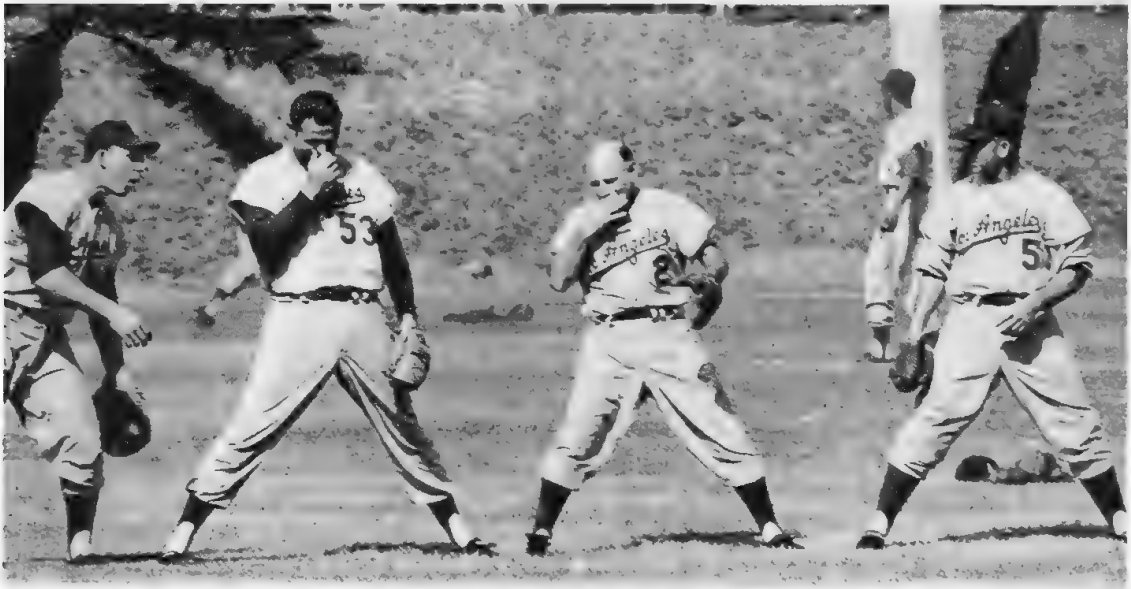
3. SPOOKED HIMSELF, LEO JUGGLES HOT ONE AGAINST CHEST

DUROCHER

Baseball's violent Leo is back in uniform after five years, instructing reporters, needling young players and (below) taking part in hilarious games of pepper

CONTINUED

2. NOW LEO GRINS, TRIES HARD TO SPOOK NORM LARKER



4. HIT BY BALL, LEO RUBS LIP AS DRYSDALE BREAKS UP

Photographs by Herb Scharfman

by TEX MAULE

The pitcher, lumbering over to cover first base, slipped and fell flat and lay on his stomach for a moment until he was lifted, almost literally, by a loud, raucous voice.

"Put a fork in him, Gil," the little man hollered. "He's all done."

The first baseman laughed, and the pitcher scrambled to his feet. Leo Durocher, his bald pate a bright red from two days under the hot Florida sun, hit another ball into the infield. Charlie Neal, moving with the special grace which marks his play, scooped it up, then threw it wide of first base.

"What the hell was that?" Durocher roared incredulously. "What the hell was that?" He walked a couple of steps toward Neal. "All right, Gertrude," he called in a high fluty voice. "Try it again. Are you ready, Alice?" Neal laughed and fielded the next ball cleanly, throwing it easily and accurately to first.

Durocher worked with the players in the Los Angeles Dodgers training camp at Vero Beach for three hours. Now a coach with the Dodgers, the onetime "best manager in the game" worked hard and relentlessly, kidding the players and yelling at them. He looked happy, and he looked extraordinarily fit for a man of 55.

Later, in the players' lounge, he entertained a circle of young players with stories of Dizzy Dean and Frank Frisch and the other baseball heroes who were his friends. The youngsters listened silently for the most part, and Leo talked steadily, perched on the edge of a table, getting up once to demonstrate Stan Musial's pigeon-toed batting stance, again to show Dean's sweeping pitching motion.

One youngster asked him who was the greatest player he had ever seen. Durocher, who used to say "Willie Mays" instantly, didn't hesitate now. "Joe DiMaggio," he said. "Willie Mays is the best in the business today, but you got to remember DiMaggio would hit you .330, .340 every year, sock 40 home runs, play center field better than anybody else, and he had that great arm."

When the group finally broke up Leo said, "It's a pleasure working with these kids. I never saw a club with so much talent on it, and I was a major league manager 17 years. From '39 to '55—that's 17 years, isn't it? We got no humpty-dumpties on this club, no tomato pickers, no plumbers. These kids got talent."

Before he signed with the Dodgers this winter, Durocher had been out of baseball for five years. He resigned as manager of the New York Giants at the end of the 1955 season to take a job with NBC.

Leo and Frank

"Manny Sachs, who was General Sarnoff's right-hand man, was one of my best friends," Leo said. "He had been after me for a long time to get out of baseball. 'What do you want?' he said to me one time. 'What are you trying to prove, Leo? Come with me.' 'I can't do it yet,' I told Manny. 'When I was a kid I wanted to be a baseball player. Then I wanted to be a major league player. Then I wanted to play on a pennant-winning team. After that I wanted to be a manager, and then I wanted to manage a pennant winner. Now I want to manage a world championship team.' Well, I did that in 1954, and then Manny called me and said, 'How about it, Leo? You coming with me now?' I told him I couldn't. I had another year on my contract. Then at the end of the 1955 season I went with him."

Durocher's first assignment with NBC was to persuade Frank Sinatra to appear on the Dinah Shore show. Sinatra, who is an old friend of Leo's, had previously refused to make any TV appearances, and Leo was not very confident that he could carry out the assignment.

"Frank was playing the Paramount in New York," Leo said. "He was a close friend of Manny's, and I asked Manny to help. 'Not me,' he said. 'This is your baby.' Well, I trailed Frank around for about a week, trying to get him alone. Finally I did, and I told him what I wanted, and he just looked at me and didn't say a word. I kept on talking, and finally he said, 'Buddy, is this for you?' 'It's for NBC and Dinah Shore,' I said. 'But I'd take it as a personal favor.' He looked at me for a long time without saying anything, and then he said, 'Don't worry, buddy. You got me.' "

Durocher stayed with NBC until Sachs died.

"I had a big beef with Bob Kintner, the president of the outfit," Leo said. "I could always go to Manny when I had a beef, and he would straighten it out. But after he died, I knew Kintner wouldn't renew my contract, and he didn't."

For 15 months, then, Durocher did not have a job. He wanted to get back in baseball, but he had said once that he would never return unless he had an opportunity to buy stock in the club that hired him.

"I said that once," he admitted. "But things change. I didn't feel that way any more, but nobody contacted me. Oh, I had a few chances to get back in earlier. One was a hell of a deal with Cleveland, but I was with NBC and making about a hundred grand a year, and I didn't want to leave."

When the American League expanded to 10 teams last December and awarded one of the two new franchises to Los Angeles, Durocher was eager to get the job as manager of the new team—and for 24 hours he thought he would.

"Fred Haney, the general manager, called me," Leo said. " 'I'd like to talk to you about something very important,' he said. 'Do you have any free time?' I hadn't worked in 15 months, and he asks me if I got any free time. 'Sure,' I said. 'Would the next five seconds be soon enough?' He said he would come by my apartment the next morning at nine."

Durocher, naturally, felt sure the visit meant he would be offered the Angel managership. "Sinatra called me a little later," he said. "He asked me over for dinner, and I told him about it. Frank shook his finger in my face like this," Durocher went on, shaking his finger in his listener's face, "and he said, 'Buddy, you take that job. If it's for a dollar a year, you take it. They're gonna sell 49% of the stock in that club. There's 500,000 bucks downtown in the bank that's yours to use to buy stock. Take all of it or any part you want.' How about that Sinatra? How many guys would do that for you?"

Haney arrived the next morning, and he and Leo went over the players Haney would have to choose from to stock his club. Finally, just before he left, he said, "Leo, I'm sorry, but I've already picked my manager."

"I said, 'Fine, Fred. You're the

general manager, and you have the right to pick anyone you choose.' Then, just as he was getting on the elevator, he said, 'The reporters will be around, and I'll tell them we had a conference and you didn't want the job.' The elevator doors closed before I could say anything, and I went back to my apartment and looked at the four walls and the ceiling, and I thought, 'What the hell is this?' "

Durocher's friends were stunned by the stories that Leo had turned down the Angel job until Durocher denied it, hotly. "There were lots of jobs open about that time," Leo said angrily. "I got no calls. Everybody figured I had priced myself out of the market. I asked Haney about it, and he said he thought he was letting me off the hook. Hell, he was letting himself off the hook, not me."

Leo's connection with the Dodgers came about through a chance encounter with Walter O'Malley in a small restaurant in Los Angeles called Dominick's.

"I was going there with some friends for dinner," said O'Malley. "We had an argument with another party about a parking place in front of the cafe and then, to save trouble, we let the other party have it. They came in and sat near us, and in a little while Leo joined them. He saw me and came over to say hello and ask me if he was really blackballed in baseball. I told him he wasn't. Then he said he would even take a job as a coach if it was with the right club. So the next day I got Bavasi to talk to him, and we hired him."

"O'Malley and Bavasi couldn't have been better to me," Durocher said. "When they offered me a contract I said the money doesn't matter. Just put the contract down, and I'll sign it. Well, some of the papers have said I'm getting $17,500, but that's not even close. I can't tell you any more than that without naming a figure, but that's not even close."

Durocher and the Dodgers are both happy with the deal. Durocher handles players easily and authoritatively, and he gets along well with Manager Walt Alston.

"Leo's forte has always been getting the most out of his players," Bavasi said one afternoon, watching Leo work. "He's a better manager than half the managers in the league right now. We won't have him more than a year. He'll be managing a club next season."

"I'm happy with the Dodgers," Leo said. "It would take a hell of a deal to make me leave. Los Angeles is my home, and I like it." END

DUROCHER (LEFT) WATCHES TEAM HE ONCE MANAGED AS PRESENT MANAGER WALT ALSTON SITS WITH KINGLY EASE ON CHAIR

TOO GOOD FOR THEIR

Photographs by Brian Seed

Trouble with the Springboks, yelped the British, was that they took all the sport out of Rugby by playing a conservative, close-to-the-ground game (as above) in the strict interests of victory. There is much more to Rugby than

OWN GOOD

South Africa's Springboks brought their traveling Rugby road show to the British Isles and France, flattened the opposition and left behind a seething controversy. 'They are killing Rugby,' hollered the British Press. 'They are persecuting blacks,' hollered others. The immediate crime: winning

winning, British critics pointed out; it is a gentlemen's game and should be played with verve and dash. Minus these apparently unnecessary ingredients, the Springboks played 29 straight games in the British Isles before losing.

The Springboks buttoned up their lips whenever the South African apartheid policy of total segregation was raised, thus succeeded in holding demonstrations like this (in Ireland) to a minimum. Some Laborites boycotted the Afrikaners at a few social events, but even this ended when the Springboks played at Swansea and went out of their way to congratulate the Negro referee on his calls. After that the emphasis, once more, was on Rugby.

continued

The ball is in the air, as agonized faces attest, and when it comes down the South Africans and the Frenchmen will begin the clawing and pounding that characterize the padless mayhem of Rugby. The all-France team was unperturbed by the Springboks' advance billing, outmaneuvered them and came away with a 0–0 tie. Mused Springbok star Avril Malan: "Most clever."

A South African tumbles hard to the turf (left) in the final game of international tour, played against a team of French all-stars in Paris.

French spectators called the Springboks "les Rugbymen du Diable" because of their hard tackling (right) and their clean-but-rough style.

ST. BONAVENTURE IS SECOND-BEST

The Bonnies had won 99 basketball games in a row on their court in Olean, N.Y., but they ran into trouble with Niagara, the last team to beat them at home 13 years ago

by RAY CAVE

When St. Bonaventure, the second-best basketball team in the country, took the floor in its familiar—though hideous—Olean, N.Y. Armory last Saturday night, there was a deafening clamor from the breathing-room-only crowd of 2,200 students, their faculty of Franciscan friars and the local townspeople. They had all come to see the Bonnies extend basketball's longest home-game winning streak to a round 100 games. A hundred minutes later they sat in shocked silence as the same team walked off the floor, soundly beaten 87 77 by Niagara University in the most improbable upset of the season.

In winning, Niagara paid no attention to the partisan tumult and shouting, was unaffected by the crowd that sits exactly two inches from the playing area on one side of the court, and ignored the balcony which projects to the edge of the other side of the playing area. The visitors seemed to revel in the way the dim light reflected off the bilious-green walls. They behaved as if this architectural monstrosity in western New York state was their own home instead of St. Bonaventure's.

Even more important, Niagara's Purple Eagles broke through the unusual galloping-Gertie style of defense with which the Bonnies had won 21 games this year (they had lost only one, to Ohio State, before Saturday). It was enough to tax the equanimity of even a Franciscan, and the members of the order which founded St. Bonaventure University 103 years ago left the Olean Armory sorely taxed indeed. The friars take their basketball seriously.

The day before the game Rev. Brian G. Lhota, president of the university and a doctor of philosophy, explained: "I have a special place to stand at the armory. I do this because, frankly, I am too nervous to sit down. But I am not the worst. There are some who feel the excitement of a game is too much of a strain. They stay on campus and listen on the radio. One friar refuses to do even that. He leaves the radio off but dashes out of his room every five minutes to ask the score.

"You must understand that the Franciscans are a rather good-natured lot," he continued. "We like to say St. Francis put the smile into Christianity. We enjoy life." That obviously includes basketball.

In the neighboring library building, meanwhile, the school's slight and scholarly librarian, Rev. Irenaeus Herscher, was showing around the oldest Bible in America as casually as if it were a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, pointing out the two Rembrandts which hang in the reading room and volunteering some tidbits of Franciscan lore. Why, for instance, is a plain rope used to cinch up the middle of the ankle-length brown robes worn by the friars? "Because as a man grows, he becomes more outstanding," explained the friar. "The cord allows for expansion." Father Irenaeus does not attend the basketball games. He is one of the radio listeners.

While the friars were sedately fitful about the game (not a little because Niagara is an archrival run by another Catholic order), the 1,400 students at St. Bonaventure were more vigorously excited. At one end of the main cross-campus walk, a 30-foot maple had been transformed into a hanging tree, with the effigies of 13 Bonnie opponents swinging in the wind. "They aren't too difficult to make," said the sophomore in charge. "Stuff one dummy, and you've stuffed them all." The archway of the gymnasium was decorated with a sign reading "Purple Eagle Eaters," and across the main entrance to the campus was stretched a couplet on canvas: "100 wins on the armory slate, NCAA and Ohio State." On Friday night the student senate threw a pep rally, complete with 200 cases of beer. "We may be a small college," summed up one enthused student, "but we have a big winner."

St. Bonaventure *is* a big winner. Coached by Eddie Donovan, a smiling 38-year-old who doubles as athletic director, the team has been ranked second in the country for weeks and never worse than third. The Bonnies average 90 points a game, tops among major colleges, but it is their defense which is intriguing and the defense which would give them at least an outside chance of victory if they meet Ohio State in the coming NCAA championships.

The defense works around Whitey Martin and Orris Jirele, two guards who begin pressing an opposing ball handler as soon as he nears the center line. Martin is a 6-foot-2 sandy-haired senior with hands as quick as a nervous pickpocket. Unlike most players on defense, he keeps his hands low and tries always to have them near the ball. He gets more fun out of stealing a pass than making a basket. Jirele, 5 feet 11 inches, jiggles and jerks around the court like a mechanical toy. Somebody wound him up tight and threw the key away. Of Bohemian ancestry, he is a violinist at heart. When a nun from his home town of Austin, Minn. learned Jirele was playing basketball she wrote Coach Donovan and demanded to know how he could permit such talented hands to be used in a mere game. But then, she never saw Jirele and Martin jitterbugging around a confused opponent.

Photograph by Robert Hanzinger

THE HANGING TREE on St. Bonaventure campus bears the effigies of 13 Bonnie opponents beaten this season.

"Our defense is neither zone nor man-to-man," says Donovan. "We play the ball. That's what counts two points when it goes into the basket." The Bonaventure team obviously enjoys this bustling defense. It plays it with vigor and élan. When an opponent broke away from a Bonnie guard recently he called cheerfully up the court to his teammates, "Cut him off at the pass."

The offense is led by an All-America, Tom Stith, who gets 30 of Bonaventure's 90 points a game. He scores primarily through effortless fakes beneath the basket. He doesn't charge toward the basket, he just leans toward it and floats the ball up. "He makes it look so easy you think you could do it," says Donovan.

And, finally, the Bonnies harass their opponents by calling plays in "eeze," a sort of jet-age pig Latin. "We use it to set up plays right on the floor," says Martin. "Each player has a name: Wheeze (Martin), Teeze (Stith), Freeze (Fred Crawford), Ooze (Jirele) and Tiger (Bob Martin). I come downcourt and holler 'Leeze Teeze, Wheeze.' That means 'Let's try the weak side.' At a jump ball I might say 'Breeze Teeze to Freeze, Teeze.' That means, 'Back-tip the ball to Crawford, Tom.' It sounds silly, but it's valuable." It looked like a combination of talents sufficient to beat Niagara.

Not that Niagara is a weak team. It came to Olean with a 14-4 record and a reputation for rugged rebounding. But Bonaventure had won an earlier meeting at Niagara by 20 points and could expect to do better at home. In the 13 years since it last lost a home game (that one was to Niagara, too) the Bonnies had played many games against the likes of Villa Madonna, Belmont Abbey and Western Ontario at Olean. It would have won these if the game had been played in a bowl of custard. But

continued on page 61

THE TRIM NEW LOOK OF GOLF

The Seminole in Palm Beach is a sea-grape-and-palm-framed golfing haven for board chairmen, millionaires, top-echelon amateurs and professionals—and the President of the United States. Its fairways are as well-manicured as most greens, its white sand traps are immaculately raked, its greens are like the baize of a billiard table and its ocean breezes and water hazards are spoilers of handicaps.

The Seminole pro-am invitational tournament each March attracts such a stylish turnout that it sets the fashion pace in the golfing world for the year to come. As shown in paintings done this winter, the Seminole look is a classic one with individualistic variations. Cashmere pullovers are back in style, replacing the baggy alpaca bell-sleeve cardigan long favored on the pro circuit. Lisle knit pullover shirts have loosely cut sleeves—and not a sign of a rampant Scotty or an emblazoned reptile. Slacks are in, Bermuda shorts are out, for men and women alike. There is a cool-day preference for flannels and corduroys, a hot-day inclination toward citrus-hued linens such as those worn by Club President Hunt T. Dickinson (*above*). Golf shoes are of highly polished black or brown calf, often with kiltie tongues. Seminolers add such personal touches as Fifi Fell's coconut hat, Chris Dunphy's Tyrolean and Natalie Cushing's short shorts to achieve golf's best Sporting Look. Meanwhile, the pros are on their annual winter migration from west to east, putting on the best-dressed show on the athletic road. For evidence, see the photographs from Palm Springs on page 32.

CONTINUED

by FRED R. SMITH

Paintings by Henry Koehler

Gracie Ryan, Seminole women's champion, plays in pet faded-pink hat, mohair sweater, frontier pants. Husband Allan wears navy cashmere pullover, knit shirt, gray flannel slacks.

George Coleman, in worsted blazer with gold Seminole club buttons, gabardine slacks and lisle shirt, talks putters with Chris Dunphy. Chris, a favorite golfing partner of President Kennedy, sports his trademark Tyrolean hat with cable-knit turtleneck and corduroy slacks. At sea-breezy Seminole, women often wear colored linen, silk or cotton slacks. On a cool day, Mrs. Kimball Salisbury (below) teams flannels with camel's-hair cardigan.

Long-legged beauty, Mrs. Frederick Cushing (right), golfs in brief shorts, chevron-knit overblouse. Her husband and Freddie Melhado wear lisle shirts, colored linen slacks.

Three Seminole regulars, Tommy Shevlin and Jock and E. B. (Ned) McLean, wear cashmere V-neck pullovers and golf shirts in classic beige and gray.
Both Shevlin and Ned McLean wear corduroy slacks, a new Palm Beach favorite, while Jock wears English flannels. The McLean brothers also have matching initialed golf carts.
Mrs. John R. Fell (right), another Presidential golfing partner and one noted for her distinctive flair for clothes, shades the Florida sun with a coconut straw hat secured under the chin by a pink chiffon scarf.

BLUE LADIES AND BUSINESSMEN

At Palm Springs a galaxy of pros and amateurs gathered for the 2nd Annual Palm Springs Golf Classic—a formidable round robin played over five green and well-watered oases in the desert: Thunderbird, Indian Wells, Bermuda Dunes, Tamarisk and Eldorado, where ex-President and Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower are vacationing. The most refreshing sights in all that sunshine were the "blue ladies"—the women of each club who served as scorers, hostesses, phone operators and drivers of a fleet of white Thunderbirds on loan which had license plates such as GOLF 10. The hostesses all wore blue alpaca cardigans, white boaters with blue ribbons, white blouses and skirts, shorts or slacks. And a handsome lot they were.

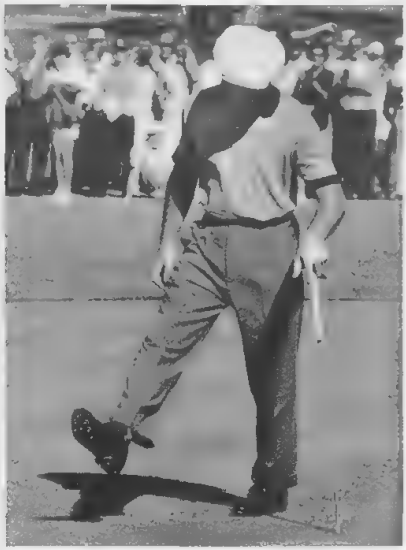
The golfers themselves were as neatly dressed as the ladies. The mark of a top pro is no longer too much color and too much drape, but the same sort of good-looking clothes one sees at Seminole. The bulbous baseball-type golf cap is losing out to neater headgear. Cashmere is moving up on alpaca again, and in Palm Springs as well as in Palm Beach the bell-sleeve sweater has had a much-needed trimming. If anything, the pros—a group of serious businessmen in their white, gray, navy or black—have become a much more conservative lot than the amateurs.

Photographs by Fred Lyon

M*rs. Ernie Dunlevie posts scores at Bermuda Dunes in official blue-ribboned boater, blue alpaca cardigan over white shirt and trimly tailored slacks.*

CONTINUED

Bing Crosby, with Henry Higgins hat of cotton cord, madras slacks, has characteristic Crosby nonchalance.



Fred Wampler is as neat as a Tamarisk green in gray lisle shirt, flannel slacks, white linen cap.

Ken Venturi wears sweater he designed himself, a trimmed-down, buttoned-up version of the alpaca cardigan, with gray flannel slacks, white cap.

For new French view of sportswear, turn page

'YOU COULD PLAY GOLF IN THOSE SKIRTS'

This was one of many compliments bestowed on a new line called the Slim Look, which brings the ease of American sports clothes to the Paris spring collections and deserved fame to Dior's new designer, Marc Bohan. To find out how this Parisian thinks today's women should look when dressed for sport, Fred R. Smith visited Bohan in Paris last week, where he obtained this interview and these illustrations of Bohan's philosophies

Marc Bohan is a lean man with an aquiline nose and a ready smile who clothes himself in Savile Row severity and a most un-Gallic calm, particularly for one who sits in the eye of a whirlpool of celebrity as the new genius of the House of Dior. Only two previous Dior collections have raised more clatter in the press or more noise in the cash register than Marc Bohan's Slim Look, shown to the fashion press and buyers in late January but released to public view for the first time this week. They were the long-skirted New Look of 1947, with which Christian Dior established the House of Dior and made the wardrobes of smart women around the world absolutely obsolete, and the 1958 Trapeze of Dior's jittery young heir, Yves St. Laurent. However, St. Laurent was unable to repeat his first success. The military sought and finally drafted him, and a series of nervous breakdowns followed.

Marcel Boussac, the French textile magnate who is the angel behind the House, summoned 34-year-old Marc Bohan from London, where he had for two years designed good-looking classic clothes for Dior-London—the kind of clothes he had learned to make under the tutelage of that master of casual elegance, Molyneux.

"When M. Boussac told me I was going to design the collection instead of M. St. Laurent," says Bohan, "you could say I became an anxious man. I am a born pessimist."

But the born pessimist's line—the short, easy-flaring skirts of the dresses and suits which rest on and are belted at the hipline, the fluid blousing of the tops, the small lapels and natural shoulders of the jackets and coats—is one of the most wearable collections ever to come out of the Paris couture. There is a slightly cowboy look about the hands in the pockets, the low-slung belts. In fact, one of the best-selling numbers in the line is called "Blue Jeans"—a jeans-colored silk with rhinestone stitching outlining seams and hip-riding pockets.

Unlike Dior and St. Laurent, who were both painfully shy and fled Paris immediately after one of their collections opened, Bohan has remained to supervise the carry-through to customer from his quiet office and his big bright studio high up in the enormous Maison Dior, which now has 1,500 employees and a worldwide volume of over $20 million. There last week he talked of his philosophy of dress for the contemporary woman with the same quiet yet definite authority he brings to his designing. As he talked, he made the accompanying drawings for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to emphasize his points.

"I don't believe a woman should dress in too fastidious a manner. It is just as wrong for a woman to be too conscious of her clothes as it is to be too casual. It

Fingers together in a characteristic gesture, Bohan talks about women in sports clothes

"It is very young to have hands in the pockets," said Bohan as he drew his Slim Look silhouette.

"Nothing is more ridiculous than for a woman to wear high-heeled shoes and nylons in the country."

"Slacks must be worn with a tunic blouse or a sweater to hide the average woman's hipbulge."

"A bathing suit should fit the figure and be of a quick-drying fabric, not knit jersey or wool."

is just as wrong to be overdressed as it is to wear a sweater for everything."

The success of his collection is that it is both young and casual. The skirts, both for daytime and for evening, were made for a woman to walk and sit in without being restricted. "The woman of today is very active," says Bohan. "She drives her own car and doesn't have a lackey to help her into the back of a Rolls."

Bohan's mannequins stride through the elegant atelier, hands in their pockets, as if they were strolling in the Bois de Boulogne. "It is very young to have hands in the pockets—even in an evening dress," he says.

Marc Bohan has a red MG which he drives around the French countryside on weekends, visiting friends and collecting antiques. And he has definite ideas about how women should dress for the country. Until recently French women, unlike Americans, dressed the same way for the country as they did for town. "But they're changing—people are traveling more and they're learning. Nothing is more ridiculous than nylons and high heels in the country." He likes the look of woolen stockings, of flat shoes, of a tweed skirt with welting at the hem, worn with a blouse, a belt at the waist and an open suède jacket, cut like a hunting jacket—and, again, pockets for the hands in the skirts. Of the British woman's country tweeds Bohan says, "Their very agelessness is their chic."

If a woman doesn't want to wear a skirt, Bohan thinks slacks are fine, "but they must be worn with a tunic blouse or sweater to hide the average hip bulge. And, as for shorts, they should only be worn by the very young, and by that I mean 15 or 16."

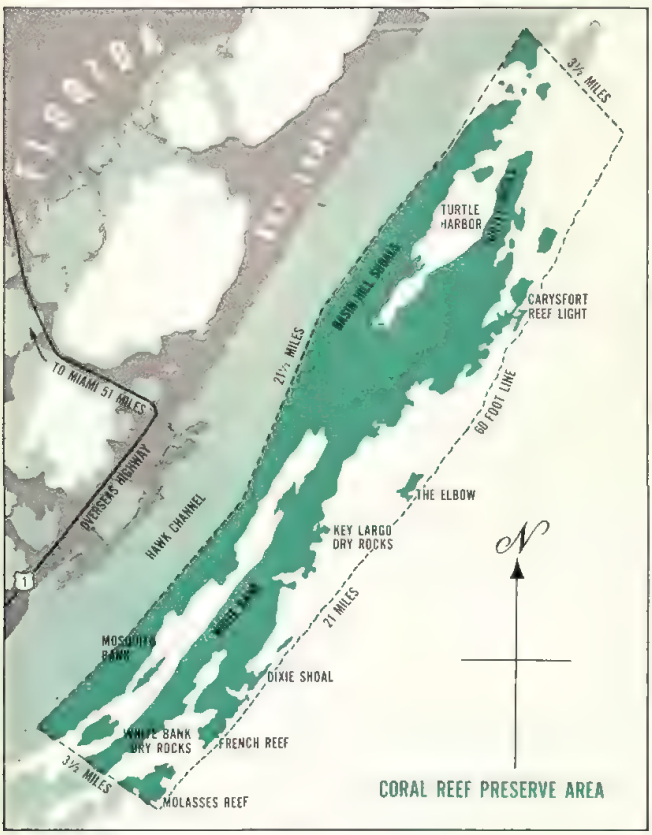
Accessories, Bohan feels, are the downfall of many an otherwise well-dressed woman. "She'll spend a fortune on a wonderful suit or dress, then go all wrong on the hat, bag or shoes." For town, all of the accessories should blend, the bag be small so as not to destroy the line. Hats should always be worn with suits. "White shoes with a navy dress should never be seen. I like a little fantasy in sports clothes—an amusing bag at the beach, a colorful big hat or scarf, but not too much. And bikinis are never worn by the right people. A bathing suit should fit the figure and be of a quick-drying fabric, not jersey or wool. It should just mold the breast without artificial boning or brassiering. I like a low V neckline, and either all one color or a contrasting border at the neckline. Youth plays an important role in wearing a bathing suit, and if a woman hasn't a figure for one she should wear it for a swim and then get right out of it."

Bohan was in America when St. Laurent's Trapeze was launched, and he was amazed at how rapidly it swept the country. "American women are always looking for new fashions, for new shapes, bags, shoes, hair-dos and makeup—more than any women in the world." Marc Bohan's last word for them, and for contemporary women everywhere, has the ring of an aphorism: "A woman has to be careful to be casual." **END**

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SEA

America's first underwater park preserves and protects the submarine wonders of the coral reef for present and future generations of skin-divers and fishermen

by JOHN O'REILLY



NEW CORAL PRESERVE, accessible to millions, parallels 21 miles of Florida's famed Key Largo. Three miles offshore on edge of Gulf Stream, it is an hour from Miami.

Just off the Florida Keys, beneath the shifting shades of aquamarine reflected by tropic waters, lies a world of fantastic beauty, the only living coral reef attached to the continental shelf of the United States. It is a world of strange shapes where tiny animals build themselves into trees, fans and plumes or into domes and towers like mosques and minarets. It is a complex world where a host of marine creatures depend upon one another for existence. It is a world of spectacular cruelty, for here man has not eliminated the large predators—the sharks, the barracudas and moray eels. It is also a world rich in color, for the reef dwellers dress themselves with a gaudiness unrivaled on land.

Until recent years this underwater world of the coral reef was the province of only a few human beings: the early, intrepid divers whose interest in its beauty and mystery overcame their fears; the fishermen who put aside their rods to stare at the panorama through glass-bottomed buckets; and the occasional scientist seeking truths in a new field. But since World War II there has been a big change. Now man seems bent on returning to the depths from which he emerged so many eons ago. The sport of skin-diving is luring him beneath the waves and, to abet this yearning for an amphibious state, the federal government and the State of Florida have set aside part of the reefs as the world's first entirely underwater park, a preserve for the skin-diver,

the fisherman and the fish watcher.

Called the Pennekamp Coral Reef Preserve, the park is the nation's first official response to man's mass movement toward the sea. It is also a protective measure for the reef's underwater beauty, for while men and women in masks and flippers seek new esthetic sport and danger in the world of the coral reefs, with them have also come despoilers. These are the souvenir hunters who blast the reefs for coral to stock roadside stands or take conchs by the truckload to sell as curios.

In recent years it became apparent to a group of interested individuals that if the coral reefs were to continue as a place of recreation and scientific study a part of them, at least, would have to be protected. After this group and other citizens had shared in the groundwork, President Eisenhower issued a proclamation last March 15 establishing a section of the reefs running parallel to Key Largo as an underwater park.

On the following pages SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents a pictorial panorama of this unique preserve. There are parks which include land and water areas, but here is a piece of the Atlantic Ocean, its boundaries marked by buoys and lighthouses, that has been set aside and protected by law in the same manner as any of our public parks on land. Lying only a couple of miles offshore, the new park parallels Key Largo for 21 miles. It varies from three and a half to four and a half miles wide and has an area of 75 square nautical miles. As the area straddles the three-mile limit, the cooperation of the federal government and the State of Florida was necessary to establish the preserve. One of its big assets in terms

of recreational use is its accessibility —only an hour's drive from Miami.

Last December 10 some 500 persons assembled for the dedication ceremonies at Tavernier, a small community at the south end of Key Largo. There Ross Leffler, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, on behalf of President Eisenhower, turned the federal part of the park over to the Florida State Board of Parks and Historical Monuments. The state board will be in charge of policing the area and providing facilities for visitors. The then governor, LeRoy Collins, accepted the federal portion on behalf of the State of Florida and announced that the park board had chosen the name Pennekamp Coral

Reef Preserve in honor of John Pennekamp, associate editor of the *Miami Herald*. Governor Collins explained that Mr. Pennekamp had devoted "a large part of his interests, his energy and his influence to the protection and development of the natural resources of our state."

Even before the dedication the state board had begun negotiations for property on Key Largo which will serve as a land base for the ocean park. This base will include an interpretive museum, boat docks and service area. When these facilities are completed, glass-bottomed boats will take visitors out to view the reefs. At present visitors must go in their own boats or hire one of the charter boats which put out from nearby communities on Key Largo.

Geologists say these reefs began forming some 5,000 or 6,000 years ago when the sea came up to its present level. They first came into historical prominence when Spanish galleons sailing by were sometimes wrecked by storms. Ponce de León cruised along them, as did English men-of-war, pirate ships and privateers. In the last century the reefs became famous for the ships wrecked there and for the wreckers from Key West who did a thriving business in salvage.

In 1957 Daniel B. Beard, then superintendent of Everglades National Park, called a conference on the preservation of natural resources in south Florida. At that meeting Dr. Gilbert L. Voss of the Marine Laboratory of the University of Miami described the dangers to the reefs posed by the depredations of coral collectors and shell hunters and proposed the establishment of a preserve to protect a part of them. From then on things moved rapidly toward President Eisenhower's proclamation.

The rules and regulations for the new park prohibit the removal of coral or any other depredations to the reefs. Sport and commercial fishing with hook and line are permitted, but net fishing and the use of poisons or electric charges in taking fish are banned. Spearfishing or the possession of spearfishing equipment within the park is prohibited, but skin-diving for photography, for observation and for pleasure is permitted and encouraged.

The park has been staked out on the outer two-thirds of a shallow shelf extending out from Key Largo for six to seven miles. The outer edge of this bank drops off sharply to depths of several hundred feet, and the Florida Current, a section of the Gulf Stream, flows by just beyond the outer reefs.

As the visitor looks out over the surface of the park between Molasses Light and Carysfort Light, he sees

an expanse of water varying in color according to the depth, type of bottom and amount of sunlight. The colors are in constant change. Charter fishing boats troll the reefs, and the smaller boats of skin-divers float at anchor. The only surface indications of the beauty that lies beneath are several lines of white breakers where coral patches are almost awash. At Key Largo Dry Rocks a small area of gray, dead coral protrudes above the surface.

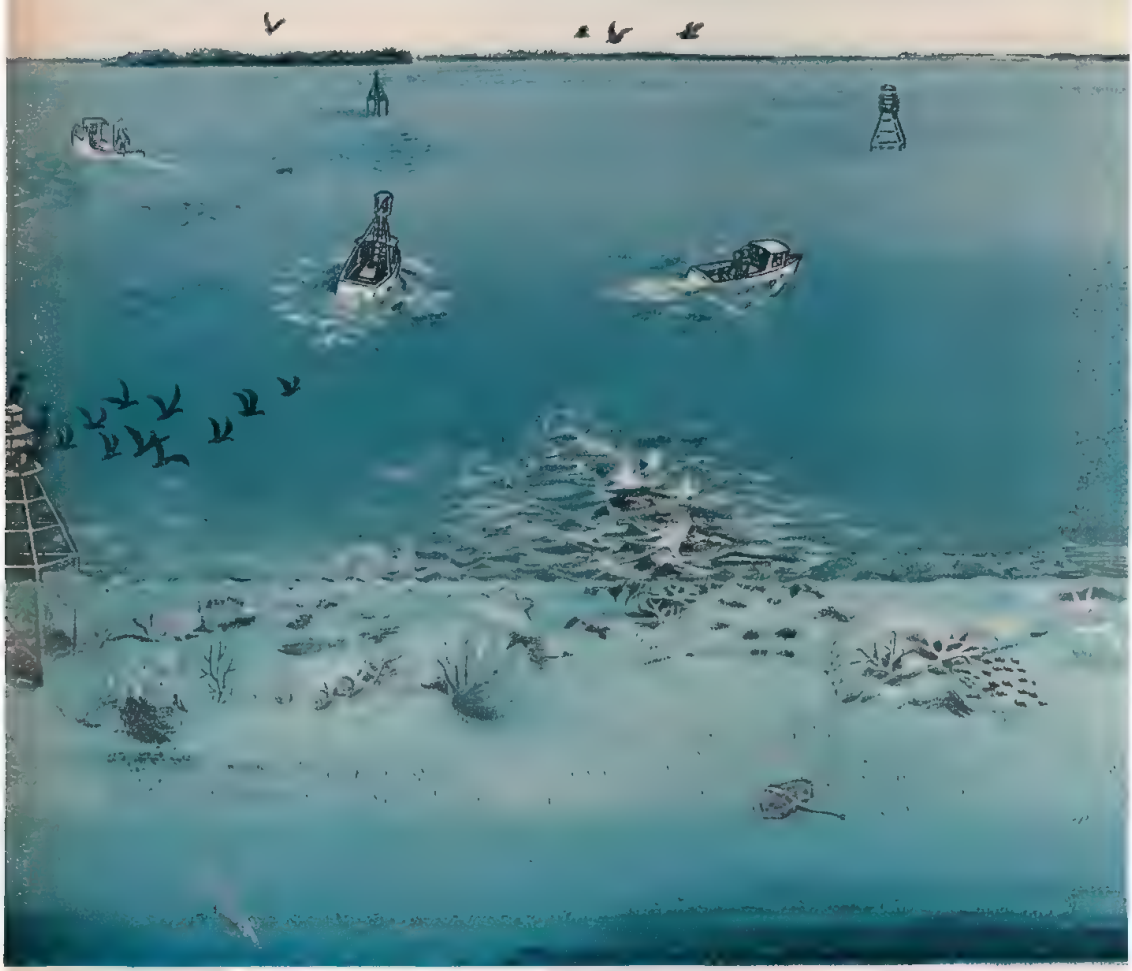
In order to map the area we cruised back and forth across the width of the park for two days. Herb Alley's offshore boat was equipped with a box two feet square attached to the stern. As the boat moved slowly over the reefs we watched the marine panorama through the glass bottom of this box. It was like a picture window commanding a submarine view.

Donald R. Moore, marine biologist of the University of Miami's Marine Laboratory, studied the details through the window, occasionally stopping to make notes on his chart. At times he donned mask and flippers and dropped over the side to study special features.

The most spectacular reefs are on the outer edge of the bank, where ragged cliffs of coral plunge into the

continued

THE WONDERS OF A CORAL REEF GO ON DISPLAY OFF KEY LARGO



UNDERWATER PARK *continued*

ocean's depths. Tall, branching staghorn and palm corals rise here in tree-like shapes. Sea whips, sea plumes and purple sea fans wave in the eddying water. There are various kinds of Porites coral, including one species that grows in little heads a foot across and is bright green, and another species that forms small, branched knobs or fingers. There is the mighty Montastrea, the biggest coral head of all, which grows to 20 feet high and 20 feet in diameter. There are Agaricia, the lettuce coral; Diploria, the brain coral; Millepora, the stinging coral, which is painful but won't incapacitate you unless you wallow in it; and a host of others.

Reaching into these outer reefs are deep canyons with dark recesses and caves. These are called surge channels, and through them moves the water from the open ocean, bringing food in the form of minute animal life to the creatures that form the living coral. Here one gets the feeling of awe and mystery and beauty that is part of a visit to the larger reefs.

Swimming through this coral forest or lurking in the caves and grottoes are bizarre animals: the angelfish, which seems to have been designed purely as an ornament; the striped sergeant majors; the various

SEA TURTLE HAMMERHEAD SHARK STAGHORN AND STINGING CORAL SEA FANS STAR CORAL
MORAY EEL PALM CORAL PORPOISE BRAIN CORAL BARRACUDA

kinds of parrot fish; the squirrelfish; the odd triggerfish; the little clown fish in their yellow and white costumes; the ridiculous boxfish, the blue tang; and others in an endless and colorful array.

Then there are the larger members of the community, the missile-shaped barracudas, the groupers that make such delicious chowder, the eagle ray that grows to six or seven feet across and is spotted black and white on the dorsal surface. Fairly common in this new park are the great sea turtles—the green, the loggerhead and the hawksbill. We saw a big green turtle through our picture window. Occasional sharks move through the park, and the dangerous moray eels linger in rocky caverns.

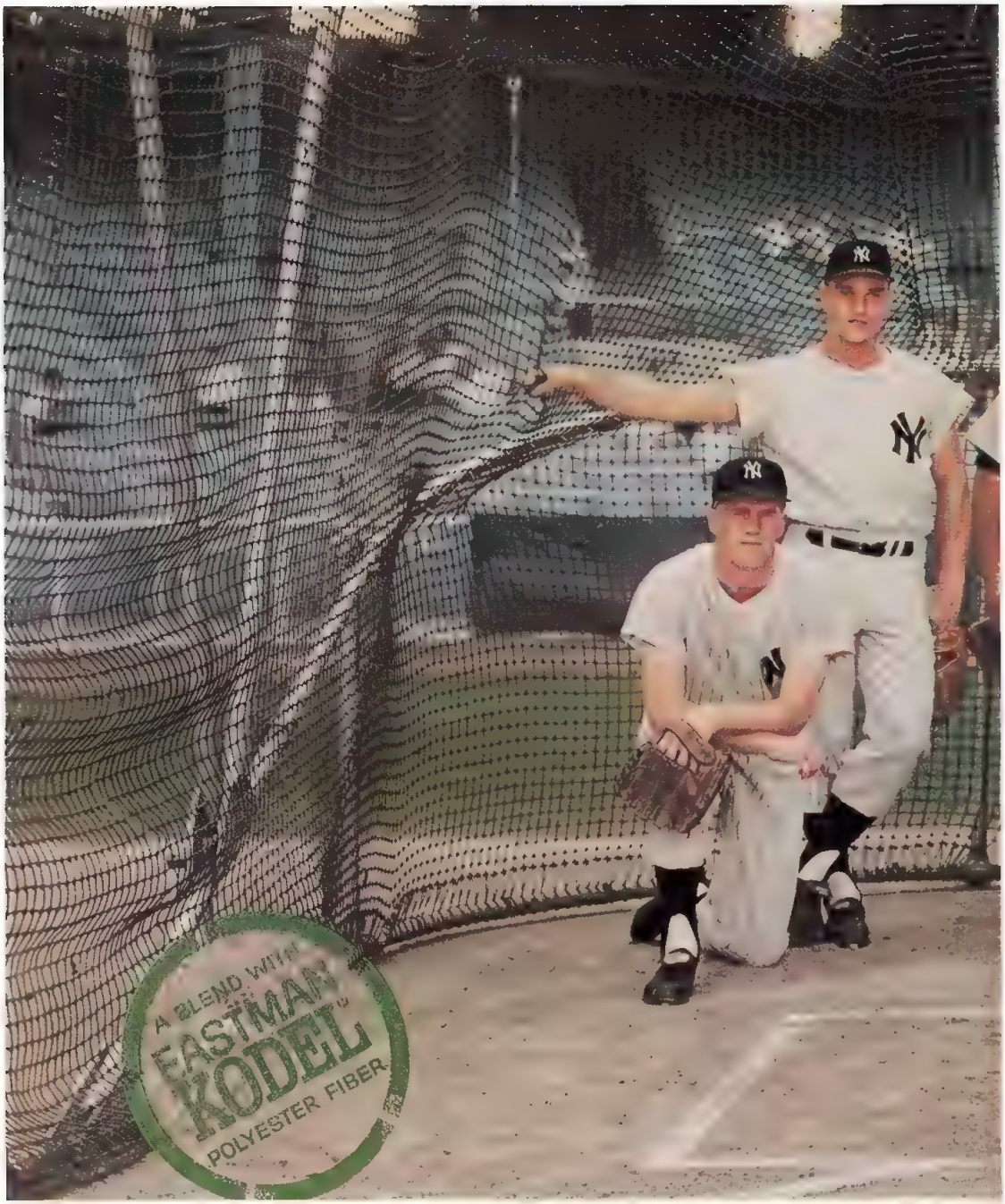
Porpoises frequently roam the park. At one point we paused to watch a school of them leap about us. Behind the outer reefs lies an undulating plain that varies in appearance according to the depth of the water. In some places magnificent reefs are found a considerable distance back from the outer edge. Some of these, such as Key Largo Dry Rocks, reach the surface and give rise to breakers. Scientists have described the Key Largo Dry Rocks as one of the most beautiful submerged islands of coral in North America.

Coral patches and large, solitary

coral heads are found mainly in the central portion of the park. The landward side of the area is mostly grassy bottom but occasionally it is broken by coral patches such as those at Mosquito Bank and Basin Hill Shoals. Even boats of the shallowest draft must proceed with caution at Basin Hill Shoals, for here the coral formations rise almost to the surface.

Watching through our picture window, we passed over wide areas of grassy plain. Sometimes it was all turtle grass and sometimes a mixture of turtle grass and the finer manatee grass. When the water became deeper, usually at more than 20 feet, we passed over expanses of rippling white sand. These desert areas of the park are featureless except for furrows and holes made by animals that live beneath the sand, the burrowing sea urchins and marine snails.

This first underwater park has many attractions in the fields of science and recreation but, above all, it is blessed with a spectacular beauty quite unlike the scenic wonders in any of the nation's land parks. As soon as the Florida State Board of Parks and Historical Monuments completes the facilities at the land base this beauty will be available to any visitor for the price of a modest boat fare. END



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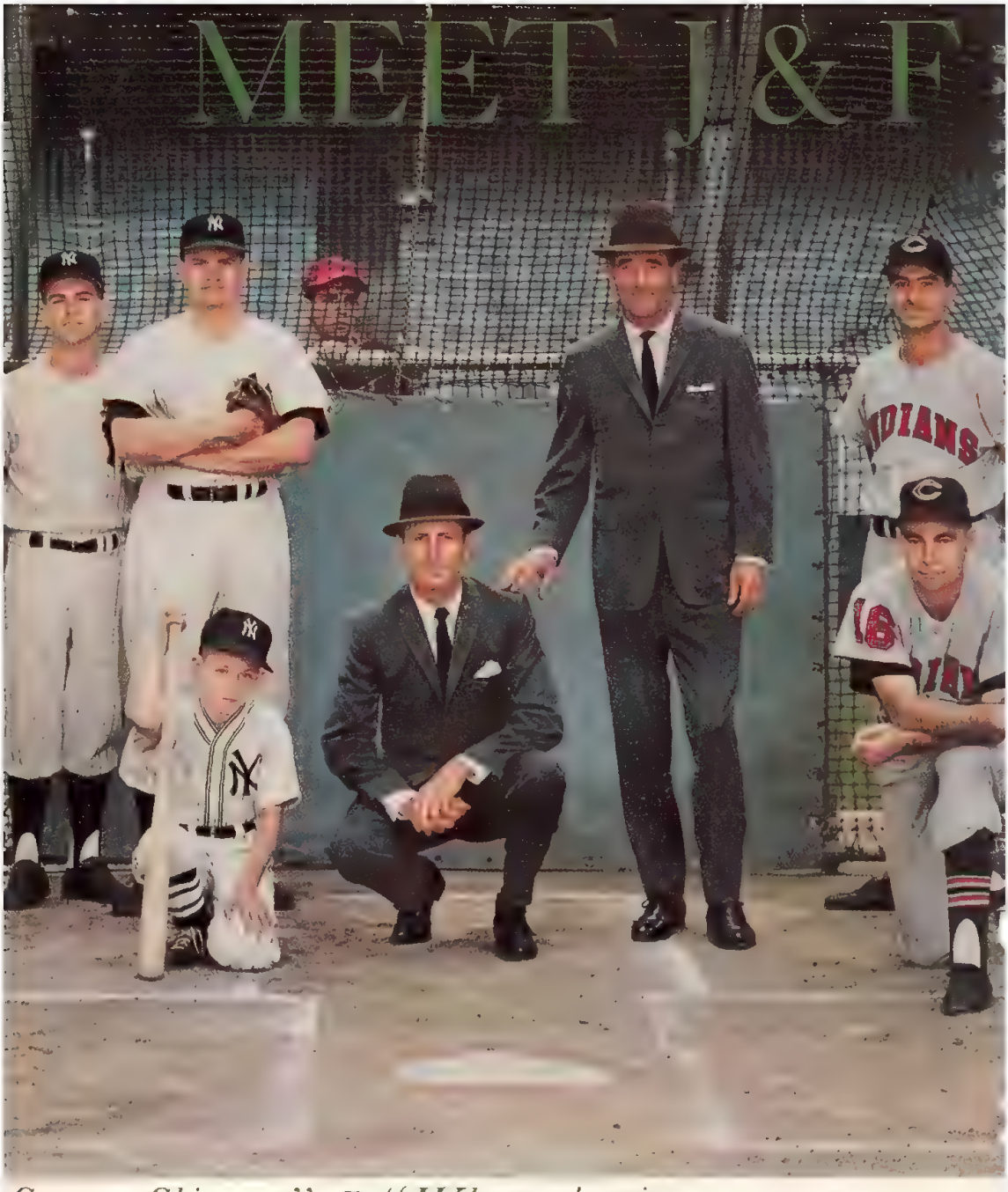

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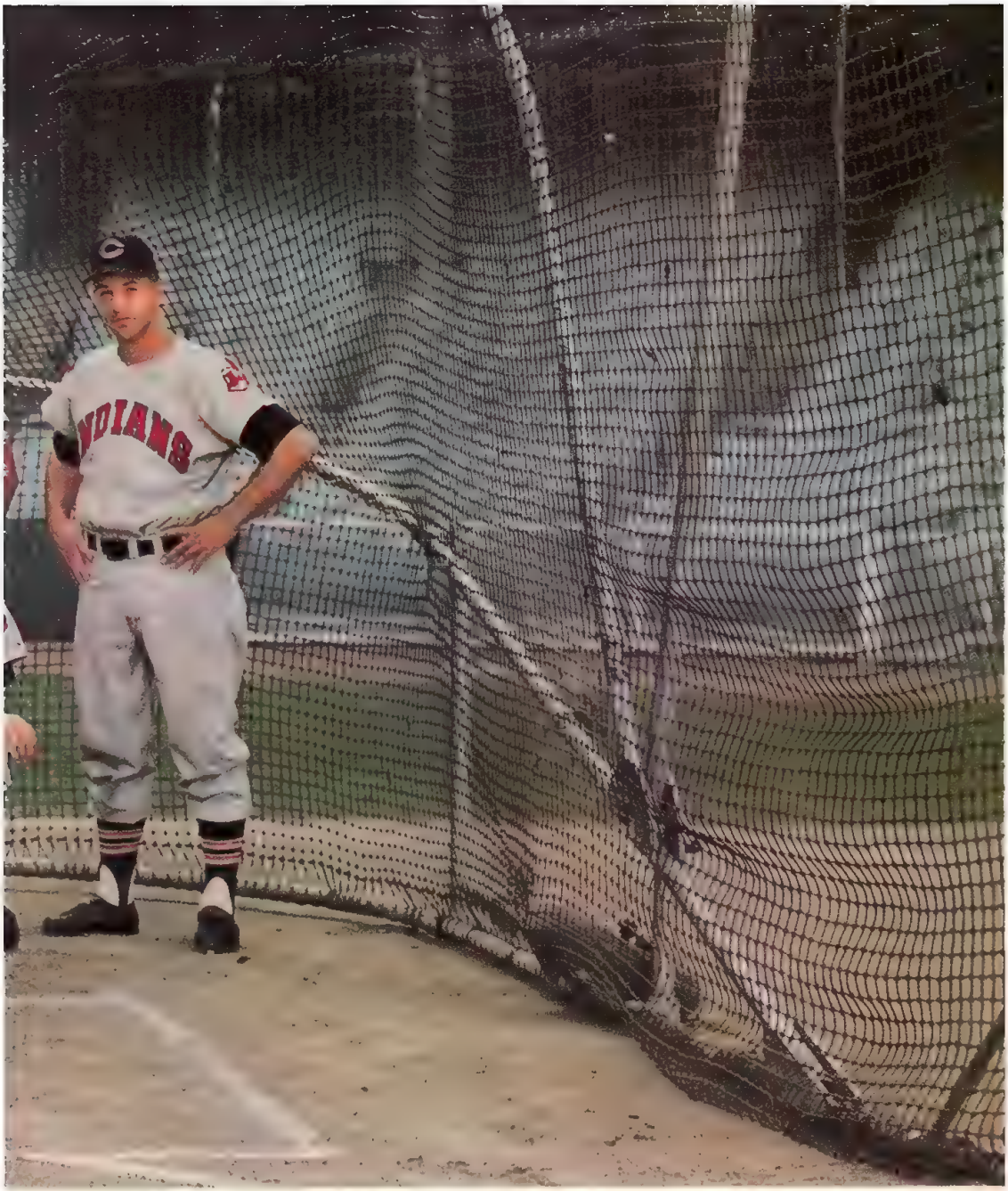

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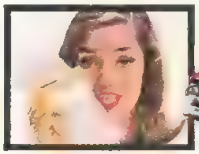

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THE MAN OF SILENCE SPEAKS

When George M. Weiss, general manager of the New York Yankees through 13 spectacularly successful years, left the club last October, everyone in baseball wondered whether he had quit or had been fired. Weiss himself, a close-mouthed man, said nothing. Now he has decided to review his 42-year baseball career and, in particular, the secrets of that final season. As he puts it: 'For the information of friends, fans and the press who may be interested—and it is gratifying how many have let me know they are—I am telling my story'

CONTINUED

IN 1958 I BEGAN TO SENSE TROUBLE

by GEORGE M. WEISS with ROBERT SHAPLEN

I have the reputation of being an unemotional man but, after almost 30 years with the Yankees, I have plenty of emotions about no longer taking an active part in their operations. No one can remain with a team that long, watch it become the most consistently successful in the history of baseball and not have pangs over leaving. I take a proper amount of pride in having helped establish and maintain the great Yankee record, and I won't pretend that my present unanticipated state of inactivity is altogether welcome. My ties, of course, are still with the Yanks, as an adviser, but I keep remembering what happened to Ed Barrow, my predecessor as general manager, when he moved over into an advisory capacity: his advice was seldom sought. Barrow was a great baseball man from whom I learned the art of constant application, of attending to business 12 hours a day 12 months a year, and with him in mind I made a point of turning down Dan Topping's offer of an office at the Yankees' midtown headquarters in Manhattan. Temporarily I've kept an office at the Yankee Stadium, but I've spent most of my time at my home in Greenwich, Conn., going through my files and answering the phone before heading south for the start of spring training. I wouldn't miss *that*, and I intend to see plenty of games this season too; but otherwise I'll most likely sit this year out. I must admit I've been flattered by the important baseball jobs that have been offered me during the last few months. They've come from all over the country, but with the picture in baseball changing so tremendously I have frankly decided to sit back and do some quiet stock-taking. Fortunately, my health and vigor are good, and this does not necessarily mean I won't be back in the game at some future time.

I was never told by Topping or Del Webb, the Yankees' co-owners, that I was too old to be general manager. The question of a retirement age was never even mentioned to me. My previous long-term contract expired at the end of the 1960 season, and it included a five-year advisory period to follow. When the season ended, I was simply told by the owners that "we thought this was the way you wanted it, we thought you wanted to take it easy." I made it clear that I wished to remain in charge during the World Series. We then carried on some brief renegotiations which ended in my being allowed by the Yankees to accept another job as general manager after one year instead of five, as originally called for, and to hold down any other executive post elsewhere immediately. After 42 years in the game I didn't want to be put in the position of being unable to take another baseball job if I wanted to.

When my opinion was invited, I gave my approval of Roy Hamey as my successor and of Ralph Houk to succeed Casey Stengel as manager. By dint of their special training and experience, I think they're the logical men to take over. I'll have more to say about Casey subsequently, but I'll say right now that, in my book, there's never been a greater manager in baseball, and there's nothing I'm prouder of having done for the Yankees than advising his hiring back in 1949. I wish he could have stayed on, and I told Topping and Webb that I thought they were making a mistake, but I doubt that Casey would have remained anyway. For a number of reasons, I would have had my reservations also.

Casey and I never had any real disagreement about anything but, naturally enough, having worked so closely together for so many years, we sometimes had different ideas about specific things. Significantly, however, we've both always known that the key to the success of the Yankees was to have each man in the organization do his own job without interference. Before I get into that, let's put things into perspective by looking at the record.

A floor on Fifth Avenue

When I first came to New York as farm director in 1932, the Yankees occupied a three-room suite overlooking Bryant Park at Forty-second Street. Now they have a whole floor at 745 Fifth Avenue and additional offices on the first floor and under the stands at the Stadium. In the years since I took over as general manager in October 1947, the operation has steadily increased in scope. The details of running it, including player moves and signings, supervising the farm system and scouts, negotiating for TV and radio rights (which provide about two-thirds of the profit nowadays), setting up ticket plans and instituting improvements at the Stadium, made the job during my regime similar to being operating head of a large corporation. In those 13 years the Yankees won 10 pennants and seven World Series—and the three we lost went to seven games. As for the last one, without taking any credit away from those pesky Pirates and their hard-rock Pittsburgh infield, I'd like to play them over a 154-game schedule and see what happens!

The Yankees have often been accused of being a hardheaded, hardhearted organization of unsentimental businessmen with a bunch of talented but mechanical ballplayers carrying out their functions in the field. This isn't so at all. We have simply always realized that modern-day baseball is a highly practical enterprise that has to be run systematically, and this includes everything from operating a good restaurant for members of the Stadium Club to two-platooning on the field when the circumstances demand it. But don't you believe that there's no sentiment

left on the Yankees! It's knitted firmly into that famous pin-stripe uniform, and if you saw Mickey Mantle cry after the last game of the 1960 Series, as he did in the clubhouse, I think you'd agree that we have plenty of heart and spirit. Maybe we don't reveal it as readily as some others do over the course of the season, but it's there, all right.

I've sometimes been accused of being distant and aloof myself, but if I've given that impression it's because the job of overseeing all the round-the-clock chores that have mounted up through the years since those quiet days at Bryant Park hasn't given me much time to be a good-time Charlie. And, unlike some of the more flamboyant executives in the game today, I haven't ever believed in operating on the executive side as if baseball were a game of musical chairs to be played by hopping every year or so from one city to another, playing with franchises as if they were circuses and making trades helter-skelter for the sake of glamour and change alone.

Whenever, over the last several years, the Yankees were being counted out by such eminent authorities as Hank Greenberg, Frank Lane and Bill Veeck, we always bounced back to the top, and the proof of our formula for success, beyond the flying pennants, lies in the figures. Maybe there are some teams that can cite more sensational one-year or two-year gains, but no club in baseball history has ever remotely approached the consistent financial accomplishments of the Yankees over the last decade or more. The Pirates, I note, recently declared a $4 dividend on an estimated profit of more than $1 million in 1960, first in 14 years. Well, between 1948, when Larry MacPhail stepped out and Topping and Webb formed a two-man partnership, and the end of 1959, their total net profits before income taxes came to more than $15 million, which is a nice average of about $1.3 million per year, and that doesn't include revenue from the Stadium land deal. Attendance has ranged from 1,428,438 in 1958 to an alltime Yankee high of 2,373,901 in 1948. Unfortunately, I've never held any stock in the team, though I've been paid well. I might add, for the record, that as the club's chief operating officer I can claim a good share of the credit for the steady income—an income that resulted in such benefits as the unbroken annual continuance of the liberal pension and insurance plan in which all employees have shared, including now, of course, Casey and myself. Thus the money Casey and I got when we left was earned as part of a contractual obligation and was not in any sense, as some may have thought, a gift or a bonus.

NEW TRIUMVIRATE. Owners Del Webb and Dan Topping *(at left)* and General Manager George Weiss, took over Yanks in 1947 and launched their greatest era.

Even taking into consideration that a dollar isn't worth what it used to be, Yankee figures are impressive. Here are a few more, just to give some idea of how this game of baseball has grown. In 1945 the operating revenue for the Yanks was $1.6 million. For 1959 the comparable figure was $6.3 million, and it is probably greater for 1960 with a World Series added. Player expenses, including salaries for managers and coaches, have risen during that period from $365,000 to $915,000. Transportation costs have almost trebled. Scouting costs have increased from $108,000 to $427,000. Obviously, everything has gone way up, and that includes the bills for aspirin.

In 1956 a group of businessmen who were then interested in buying the Detroit Tigers made me a tentative offer at almost twice my salary, but after talking to Topping and Webb I entered into a new Yankee contract instead. In 1958, when I was offered the presidency of the American League, I again said no, and we renegotiated my arrangement in New York. But, ironically perhaps, 1958 was also the year when I first began to sense trouble.

That was one of those squeaker years, you remember, when, comparatively speaking, the Yankees *almost* lost the pennant. As the club started slipping, Casey was subjected to the traditional second guess, and it got to Casey that some of it was sparked by the owners themselves. Even so, we pulled through for the pennant and came from behind to beat the Braves in the World Series; but when Casey came to me to sign a new two-year contract he wasn't happy. He had always signed immediately, after insisting informally that there be a two-way agreement by which one dissatisfied party could release the other from the contractual obligation; but this time, before he signed, he wanted some reassurance that the criticism

continued

WONDERFUL NONSENSE of Casey Stengel more often than not built up to scenes like this at triumphant season's end. Weiss here joins in with Topping and Webb.

***MAN OF SILENCE** continued*

he had heard did not imply a loss of faith in him. After a few days Topping and Webb apparently satisfied him, and Casey gave me his signature.

Everyone knows, of course, what happened in 1959—we did lose decisively, the only time in our 12 years of operation. Criticism went on all year and, as a sensitive man, Casey would have quit, I think, if it hadn't been for his great desire to beat McGraw's managerial record. Most of the criticism was against his two-platooning, but the fact is that we lost that year because of constant injuries to such key players as Bill Skowron, Gil McDougald and Andy Carey—Stengel had his first-string lineup intact for less than a month's play. That was the sole reason we lost, just as we won again in 1960 because we had fewer injuries than the White Sox and because we were able to come up with the better-balanced team over the course of the season.

Now, I have the utmost respect for Topping and Webb and must say that over most of the period of my general-managership they were ideal owners for whom to work in that they did not attempt to interfere with Casey's operation or mine. My feeling is that owners have the right to interfere if they want to. After all, it's their ball club and their money. But I think the records will show that front-office interference generally hurts a ball club more than it helps. Dan Topping now sees most home games, and he apparently has reached a point where he feels that, as resident co-owner, he should assume a greater and more active responsibility in the over-all operation of the Yankees. Del Webb sees considerably fewer games, but he, too, has increasingly come to voice his opinions. Of course, as I said, that is the privilege of both.

A changed attitude

However, in 1960, in addition to continued criticism of Casey's moves, I felt that I was more or less being placed on the spot for the first time. I have always made it a point, out of courtesy, to discuss any deal I was considering with Topping, since I saw more of him than Webb. Shortly after midseason, when we were just dillydallying along at a .500 pace, I suggested a couple of moves which were questioned. We finally came through and won, after I was permitted to bring up Pitcher Bill Stafford and acquire Pitcher Luis Arroyo and Pinch Hitter Dale Long but, nonetheless, I sensed a changed attitude, as of course did Casey.

Another deal I wished to make was for the veteran Kansas City pitcher, Ned Garver. Along about August, I wanted to make a deal for Garver because I had studied his long record and noticed that he usually did well at the end of a season. I had also heard that Freddy Fitzsimmons, the fine former National League pitcher who was coaching for the A's, had taught Garver a knuckleball, and that's a pitch that can keep a veteran going indefinitely if he can master it. Duke Maas wasn't pitching good ball for us, and Parke Carroll, the A's general manager, was willing to trade man for man. I went to Topping and told him about the deal, and he flatly said, "No, we don't want to make any more deals with Kansas City." I asked him why he had had this sudden change of heart, and pointed out that everyone had waived on Garver—which eliminated possible criticism, but he was adamant. It was the first time that sort of thing had happened. Incidentally, I got out Garver's record the other day: after the deal fell through, besides shutting us out, he beat Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit—he had a 1.85 earned run average and has since been chosen by Los Angeles as one of their $75,000 purchases.

While we're on the subject of dealing with Kansas City, let me say this: all of our trades with the A's were absolutely fair, and the fact that there were so many of them was simply because the late Arnold Johnson, the A's president, had a tough, practical attitude about dealing with us. It's true that Johnson was a friend who had bought the Yankee Stadium from Topping and Webb (when he purchased the Athletics he had to dispose of the Stadium), but we didn't trade with him just because we knew him. He had a last-place club to build up and, unlike the rest of the league, which refused to trade with us for fear of making us stronger, Johnson's attitude was, "Why not? I'm out to improve the A's, whether it helps the Yanks or not." So naturally we gravitated together, though we never stopped trying to make deals with other clubs too. Neither did Johnson, and he made quite a few, especially with Detroit.

I'll cite one recent instance of fair trading with the A's that elicited

some typical phony howling from Frank Lane. Lane hollered when we got Roger Maris from Kansas City last year. The fact remains—Maris was a big question mark, and Lane himself had traded him away from Cleveland because he had a tendency to slump and get hurt, a pattern he continued at Kansas City. At one point, Johnson almost got Groat, Virdon and Kline from Pittsburgh for him but, luckily for us, the Pirates balked at the last minute—we could never have matched their offer. I took a chance on bidding for Maris because we desperately needed his sort of pull hitting in the Stadium—it wasn't as much of a problem in other parks. We offered Bauer, Larsen, Throneberry and Siebern; I didn't like to give up Siebern, but he was a disappointed player in New York and couldn't play regularly in left field there. We also got Hadley and DeMaestri, who helped us; but Maris, an imponderable at the time of the trade, happily turned out to be a key man in the pennant drive and, I think, rated his award as the league's Most Valuable Player. (I cannot resist the temptation to ask if we should return Roger Maris to K.C. to satisfy the objections mentioned previously.)

In my opinion, the death of Arnold Johnson was a tragic loss for baseball because he was a real leader, a take-charge guy who always thought and planned ahead wisely, both for the good of his team and of the game. Baseball needs more men like him. The even more recent tragic passing of my good friend Parke Carroll, who came up through the Yankee system and was Johnson's right-hand man, removed another dedicated baseball man from the scene. His loss can ill be afforded in these times.

These two men exemplified the sort of leadership I remember from my early days. When I attended my first American League meeting, 30 years ago, I recall how impressed I was by the owners there—Jacob Ruppert, Clark Griffith, Bob Quinn, Charley Comiskey, Frank Navin, Alva Bradley, Phil Ball and the Shibes. Baseball was their lifework, an end in itself, with considerations of its own that transcended the dollar.

For good publicity

I've got nothing against good promotion, mind you—I learned its value back in my days at New Haven. Several times I've suggested that the Commissioner hire a knowledgeable baseball publicist and create a publicity department to present baseball's side of several important issues that have come up in recent years. But I don't like helter-skelter, get-rich-quick personal publicity. On many questions I held no brief for Commissioner Landis—I think he often assumed too much power and made authoritarian, capricious decisions about what was "detrimental to baseball"—but I do think he would have properly put his foot down on some of the irresponsible talk that regularly goes on now. With all his bluster, some of it directed against me, Frank Lane hasn't won a pennant yet, has he? I have an old-fashioned idea that this is an important objective in baseball. Now that the private ante has been raised, he's shifted again, from Cleveland to Kansas City, and his chances of a flag still aren't very good. Men like Lane would rather flit about, make speeches and catch headlines than stay in one place and build up a farm system and work out a scheme to save the minors. Larry MacPhail did a lot of talking, too, in his stormy days, and he had a terrible temper and little patience, but he was a sound baseball man who knew how to build up a club. I remember how he and I

continued

THE EMINENCE OF WEISS in the baseball world is strikingly symbolized in this 1952 picture of major league leaders at pre-Series meeting. Looking to Weiss as if for guidance are *from left, back row*) Roy Mack of Philadelphia Athletics, Nathan Dolin of Cleveland, Fred Saigh of St. Louis Cardinals, Brooklyn Dodgers' Walter O'Malley, Horace Stoneham of New York Giants, and Phillies' Andy Clark. Seated are Commissioner Ford Frick (*center*) and League Presidents Will Harridge and Warren Giles.

MAN OF SILENCE *continued*

and Branch Rickey used to get together each year—when I was still at Newark, Larry was at Cincinnati and Branch at St. Louis—to discuss the intricacies and problems of our farm operations and to try to formulate some rules. We were the only three executives back then who believed in such systems and rules, and our job, incidentally, wasn't made any easier in view of Commissioner Landis' disapproval.

Some of the ideas presented nowadays for the supposed welfare of baseball would be laughable if they weren't so potentially destructive. Take the one for interleague games that almost went through this year and that undoubtedly will be brought up again some time. It's a ridiculous proposition, per se. What's the backbone of baseball? Records, of course. Interleague play would kill traditional records and record-keeping. Secondly, it would destroy the All-Star Game and impair if not destroy the World Series. And, most seriously, it would raise grave questions about the honesty of baseball competition. In a close race in the American League, say, with New York and Boston fighting for the flag in the last week or so, suppose Pittsburgh, leading the National League, is scheduled to play in both AL cities. New York might win fair and square, and the Series would go to its much bigger stadium with consequent much higher Series cut—but the roar of the cynic would be audible from coast to coast. No situation that can possibly invite distrust in the integrity of play should ever be permitted to arise in baseball.

Now that expansion has already been pushed through by both major leagues, there isn't much point to my repeating what I've said all along—that more time should have been taken to study the matter carefully from all angles instead of rushing ahead in what must seem to many a dollar sweepstakes. I believe in expansion, and for a long time I've said it was inevitable. But what have we got now for all the uproar and fast shifting? This year the American League is going to Minneapolis, and next year the National League goes to Houston. Those are the only two *new* cities; New York, Los Angeles and Washington already have baseball, and putting new or different teams there is not expansion into fresh areas where big-time baseball ought to be made available.

A lone voice

In my opinion, the whole expansion situation flared up too quickly because of the panic that set in over possible antitrust legislation. The next big mistake came when Commissioner Frick declared New York open territory. I was a lone voice in insisting that this contravened Rule One, that the question of a new team coming into New York still had to be voted on and approved unanimously by all major league teams, and that the Yankees accordingly did not have to accept another team. Though the rule on unanimity has now been altered, the effect of Frick's earlier statement was to start the Continental League ball rolling, and that in turn forced the majors' hands on expansion. Frick did try to slow things down later, but the ball was rolling too fast by then. At any rate, if Frick had not made his open-territory statement any projected New York

team would have had to get our permission to start up.

I don't know if we would have said yes or no. If we had agreed, we would certainly have demanded some major concessions and adjustments on TV and rent for the Stadium, etc. Personally, I think New York *rates* a second team, but I won't say it *needs* it. Ideally, I would have liked to have seen another club in Brooklyn, but having the city build a new park in Flushing that won't pay off and will create a deficit is, I believe, unfair to the public that will have to foot the bill and to the Yankees, who go on paying the city $200,000 a year in taxes and get no municipal help in solving their parking problem. I've always felt it would have been better to have the city improve the Stadium instead of building what's bound to be a white elephant.

A more sensible approach to the problem of expansion would have been from the vantage point of the Pacific Coast. That's the fastest-growing part of the country and, using some cities out there as a nucleus, *you could have reached into Texas* and maybe into the Rocky Mountain area. You might have had to start from scratch, or near scratch, but in some instances, where a Pacific Coast League city was involved, at least a foundation of a club would have existed. Although I hope I'm wrong, it seems to me that expansion may have distressing results. You can't build a club out of rejects, any more than you can out of the unrestricted draft. The prospect of two tail-enders playing each other at the end of the season, when each has won 35 or 40 games, is shuddering to contemplate. The fact that the other eight teams, some natural rivals, will now play four fewer games with each other won't help attendance, and the 162-game schedule may well affect long-standing records.

The backbone of any baseball organization—and it's been the main reason for the Yankees' great success for decades—is the scouting staff. Scouts are hired on a yearly basis. If the league had known in October that it was going to expand, it might have been possible for the new teams to hire a few good scouts and bird dogs away from the other clubs. But by mid-December it was already too late. The same goes for coaches and instructors.

A scout has to have that special something that enables him to deal in very particular ways with parents as well as boys. Joe Devine, one of the best, was virtually a father confessor in the old days, and he and Bill Essick and Paul Krichell and some of the others practically used to live with the families of boys they were after. When I was farm director I kept a chart in my office of just where each of our scouts was, and I guess part of my reputation as a stern taskmaster stemmed from my habit of calling up a scout who was far out in the sticks late at night to make sure he had visited some farmer boy and his family that day. The present high caliber of Yankee players is a continuing tribute to the standard of Yankee scouts.

A grab-bag affair

Major league talent today is at a premium, and there just aren't the number of 154-game players around that there used to be. For one thing, baseball gets a lot of competition from industry for a young man's abilities, and when a kid is offered a business job at a good starting salary he thinks twice about gambling on taking three or four years to develop himself for a major league baseball career that is apt to be over at 35 anyway. All of this makes it harder for a ball club to line up good young players. If, in the process of trying to build up new clubs under the expansion program, the existing teams are going to have to continue turning over their so-called surplus talent, and if we then get into a position, as some clubs are advocating, of instituting an unrestricted draft or non-withdrawable waivers, then no organization with a grain of sense is going to continue to expend huge sums on scouting, instruction, minor league operations, etc. The quest for playing material will just degenerate into one huge grab-bag affair. Withdraw all this planned activity and expenditure and you'll soon see the effect in reduced signings and the consequent lowering of major league playing standards.

The best way to build up the new clubs is to encourage them to create their own farm systems after their initial nucleus has been allotted and at the same time do what we can, collectively, to maintain and improve the minor leagues. I believe we must reinstitute a strict bonus rule and enforce it. The more that players are signed at reasonable cost, under a regulated bonus system, the more big league clubs will be interested in the minors and will own players and franchises.

In 1956 and 1957, when the bonus rule was still in effect, the Yankees spent about $150,000 signing players at the old maximum figure of $4,000 per man. Over the next two years, when there were no bonus limitations, we spent about $750,000, and we were by no means tops in baseball. We've got some half dozen bonus men on our rosters today, but we haven't come anywhere near getting our money's worth, and there are teams who have spent considerably more for even less return. Over the last few years, scouting has become a raw contest to write checks, but the competition and confusion are becoming so great that no club even knows how to advise its scouts any longer, and there probably will be fewer signings than ever, surely a bad situation in view of the greater need for players.

I refuse to believe that you cannot enforce a good bonus rule. I would favor lifting the maximum bonus figure to $10,000 and then policing it, as Judge Landis would have done. The club, rather than an individual manager, scout or coach, ought to be made responsible for a violation, such as an under-the-table payment.

There was one case a couple of years ago where a prominent manager was apparently guilty of a serious infringement, but for various reasons Commissioner Frick was loth to subject him to the extreme punishment of banishment from baseball, which the rules called for. It would be more feasible if a club were punished by being prohibited, say, from new signings for a period of time.

I would also reinstitute the restriction that a bonus player has to be kept on the 25-man major league roster. This may still be unfair to other, more finished, players who have come up the hard way, but it is less so than the present rule, which has forced most clubs to add a considerable number of first-year bonus players to major league lists for protection from the unrestricted draft, thereby eliminating an equal number of more deserving men. Also some harsh lessons have been learned, and rash chances

continued

OLDTIMERS' GAME, a Weiss invention, in 1951 brought together notable trio of Connie Mack, ex-President Herbert Hoover and alltime pitching star Cy Young.

MAN OF SILENCE *continued*

would not be so apt to be taken.

The major problem, of course, has to do with the continuing relationship of the major and minor leagues. In the last two years the major leagues have paid out about $1 million a year on a flat, allocated basis; each club not owned by a major league team gets a certain amount regardless of need. This sort of easy, unplanned pump-priming has proved wasteful in many instances because it doesn't come to grips with the basic problem the minors face.

Most minor league teams are owned by local businessmen who have little baseball knowledge. The majors, either directly or through the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, should engage sufficient experienced troubleshooters or successful promoters to go into the sick minors, teach fundamentals of good promotion, administration and management, with financial payments being made where they are needed and deserved. Temporarily, this might be more costly, but in the long run I believe it would reduce subsidies and, most importantly, preserve minor league baseball interests. After all, this is our "national" game, and surely this means it's the game of all Americans and not just of the major leagues alone.

Baseball is a science that can be taught, both on and off the playing field. It's also a business that has become increasingly complex, and its administration in confused transitional times such as these becomes increasingly difficult. But we must never forget that, at bottom, it's an intensely human and personal game, and this is what accounts for its lasting appeal and its ability to withstand crises. The way a man swings a bat and covers his position in the field, the extra something he's got or hasn't got, whether it's Joe DiMaggio's grace or even Yogi Berra's appealing lack of it—these are the qualities that lend the game its everlasting and unpredictable magic. In my next article I want to discuss some of these human elements and aspects in the light of my own experience in baseball over four exciting decades.

NEXT WEEK

Early career with the famous New Haven Colonials . . . The years with Casey Stengel . . . Inside the Yankees . . . Good trades and bad . . . My All-Yankee team

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

A fish dish for every pot

Like most American families, the whole range of sea food dishes known as "chowder" have a foreign ancestry. The name itself is a corruption of *chaudière*, the French word for caldron, and the food it describes traveled to America for the most part in the galleys of ships bound from Brittany to Newfoundland. Today, however, fish chowder is a thoroughly American dish—a delicacy as adaptable to a campsite in the Pacific Northwest as to a kitchenette apartment on New York's East Side.

A chef who considers himself equally at home either place is Wallace Kirkland, the former LIFE photographer, who took the picture at the left. Kirkland, who retired from active journalism in 1956, has spent much of his life camping out in the Northwest, the Hudson Bay country and the Florida Keys. For 15 years he shepherded groups of teen-age boys on canoe trips through the Canadian wilderness. "Fish," he remembers, "was of necessity a large part of our diet, and we needed a better way to cook it than just frying. Fish chowder was the answer. It is a perfect one-pot meal which I often have as a backyard dish in the city as well."

Kirkland makes, or as he puts it, "builds" his chowders with successive layers of potatoes and onions, fish cut in chunks and diced salt pork, all heated over a low fire. But there are almost as many ways to build a chowder as there are pots to put it in. Although most New Englanders claim their chowder as the definitive type, some frown on the addition of such ingredients as tomatoes while others insist upon them, and add cloves, lemon and red wine as well. In California a favorite chowder is made with abalones. A Key West recipe uses grouper and adds green peppers, garlic and white wine. There is even a chowder made of shrimps, oysters and squash.

Virtually any fresh fish can be turned into chowder, but according to Kirkland the best of them (listed in the order of his preference) are walleyed pike (as in the picture), bass, trout (big ones), red snapper and cod. A classic New England recipe adaptable to all of them follows.

USING CANOE FOR KITCHEN and paddle for cutting board, a camp cook in northern Wisconsin cuts chunks of fish for chowder of walleyed pike.

NEW ENGLAND FISH CHOWDER

(serves four to six)

- ¼ pound salt pork, cut in very small dice
- 3 medium-size onions, sliced
- 4 or 5 medium-size potatoes, peeled and cubed
- 2 pounds boneless fillets of haddock or other fish, cut in chunks
- 1 quart milk, heated
- 1 cup light cream, heated
- 3 tablespoons butter in bits
- 3 cups boiling water
- Salt, pepper

Fry pork dice in iron Dutch oven or other heavy pan till lightly browned. Remove dice; reserve. Throw onions in the melted fat left in the pan; cook slowly until tender, stirring often. Add potatoes, salt and pepper; stir; add water. Finally add fish chunks. Cover and simmer until potatoes are tender (10 to 15 minutes). Add milk, cream, butter and reserved pork dice, adjusting seasoning to taste. Serve at once.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAR FLINGS INTO AIR . . .

FLIPS OVER AFTER HITTING PETTY . . .

AND CRASHES WITH HIM OUTSIDE RAIL

MOTOR SPORTS / *Kenneth Rudeen*

Over the threshold

The stock cars at Daytona roared to incredible speeds and inevitable smashes

In every respect except one, the start of this year's Daytona "500" was like the two that preceded it. Only the drivers and a handful of the 65,000 spectators present last Sunday for stock car racing's biggest event were aware of the lone but crucial difference. Daytona's speeds, up six to 10 mph in the past two years, had passed the level at which any driver could reasonably expect to steer, brake or bulldoze his way out of a serious jam.

Two days before, in the 100-mile qualifying races, 20 drivers had not been able to cope with the new speeds. Cars barreling along at 150 mph collided, spun, flipped and rolled. They hurtled into the three-foot-high steel guardrail at the top of the two precipitous turns and, more alarmingly, soared over it. The first driver to go over was young Dick Petty on the west turn in the first race. Trussed tightly to his seat with safety belt and shoulder harness and protected by a cage of strong steel tubing, he escaped unscathed. But on the last lap of the second race Dick's father, Lee, at 47 the eldest of the NASCAR drivers, spun into and over the east-turn guardrail. Behind him, flipping over on his back (*see left*), came Driver Johnny Beauchamp. By coincidence, Petty and Beauchamp had finished one-two by the narrowest of margins in Daytona's first "500."

At the day's end 20 cars had been more or less heavily damaged and seven drivers had been injured. Lee Petty, luckily the only one dangerously hurt, lay in shock, his leg and collarbone broken, his chest partly crushed.

Glenn (Fireball) Roberts and Joseph (Little Joe) Weatherly, two drivers as different as soda pop and a dry Martini, won their races and positions in the first row for Sunday's "500." Weatherly's phenomenal average speed of 152.671 mph was by far the fastest for any Daytona 100 miles, but neither he nor Roberts was in a celebrating mood afterwards.

It was in these races that they, and most of the rest, sensed Daytona's new dimension. Badly shaken, Roberts, a 29-year-old native Daytonan and college man who differs from most of his peers in not being a fatalist, at first blamed the collisions and near misses on the races' 15 rookie drivers, but later agreed that all of the drivers were on a new frontier. "We've raced mostly on short tracks with a top speed of 90 mph," he said. "The conditioning of years on those tracks has got to be undone or a number of us are not going to be racing any more. When the Indianapolis drivers bad-mouthed this track I thought they were crazy. They said it was too fast. Now I know how they felt. They were just plain scared. When you're thinking every lap, 'If I do something wrong, I'm dead,' you can't enjoy racing very much."

It would be pleasant to report that Roberts enjoyed Sunday's race, but such is not the case. He didn't get another scare—all the drivers had learned Friday's lesson so well that the race was virtually trouble-free—but after leading most of the way he was forced out by a freakish mechanical failure with 13 laps to go. His starter dropped to the track, then bounced up and pierced the oil pan.

The eventual winner was Roberts' teammate and fellow townsman, Marvin ("I'm very lucky") Panch, 34, who drove the 1960 Pontiac with which Roberts had led the first quarter of last year's "500." Second by a mere 15 seconds was Weatherly. Panch averaged an amazing 149.601 mph, some 11 mph faster than last year's record Indianapolis "500" speed and the fastest ever for a continuously run 500-mile race. **END**

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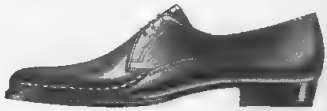

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Carry Back hurries back

Those were his jockey's orders before the Flamingo and Carry Back carried them out

In the space of 90 humid minutes at pink-festooned Hialeah last Saturday some of our best 3-year-olds showed off the kind of form that could lead to victory in the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes.

The headliner on the card was the 32nd running of the Flamingo, the year's first $100,000 event for horses with classic aspirations. It was won by the heavy favorite, Carry Back, who again had to be the best horse present just to stand off the wild West riding of some of the jockeys in the race. Jack Price, Carry Back's owner, hadn't figured his colt and rider, John Sellers, were going to get into trouble this time. "All my horse wants is clear sailing from the half-mile pole home and he'll win," said Price before the race.

What Price also hadn't expected was the kind of performance put on by Fred Hooper's Crozier, who only a week earlier (with some help from Manuel Ycaza) had turned the Everglades into a rodeo. Before the Flamingo, Hooper announced: "They tell me my horse always causes lots of trouble, so I might as well get a real cowboy to ride him. I'll use Chris Rogers."

Rogers must have thought Hooper wanted him to audition for a gallop-on role in *Bonanza*. For the first part of the race he lay off the pace set by Your Bill, but he moved to the lead turning for home. He circled Your Bill, then cut in to the rail so violently that he actually brushed it. Carry Back, meanwhile, had moved gradually from fifth place to second on the outside, and Jockey Sellers was setting him down for the run home. But at the 16th pole Rogers suddenly veered out from the rail on Crozier. For the last 40 yards of the race, Crozier laid over hard on Carry Back, who might have won by more than a head without this interference.

Carry Back's impressive victory makes him the big colt, in stature if not in size, in the whole 3-year-old picture.

While the Flamingo was the important race at Hialeah, there was almost as much interest in the sprints which preceded and followed it. The first of these marked the 1961 debut of Pimlico Futurity winner Garwol. Possibly more important, it resulted in the first win this season for Calumet Farm's Beau Prince, Jimmy Jones's Triple Crown candidate.

Jones had said all week that he considered starting Beau Prince in the Flamingo. The day before the race he changed his mind, much to the annoyance of track officials, who had widely publicized the appearance of Calumet silks and the fact that Jones thought so much of his colt that he had asked Eddie Arcaro to fly all the way from Santa Anita to ride him. But when Arcaro got off a plane in Miami at 5 a.m. Friday, Jones met him with the news that Beau Prince would not tackle the big boys until the April 1st Florida Derby at Gulfstream. "I'm more a believer in getting a foundation under my horse than pleasing the track," said Jimmy.

Jones, as usual, probably did the right thing with this handsome son of Bull Lea. Beau Prince won his race, all right, beating Garwol by half a length. Afterward Arcaro said, "He's got some class to him. You cluck once and he goes and gets his man."

The 12-horse race that followed the Flamingo was supposed to have been a duel between Brookmeade's Matey, a son of Sailor, and Bobby Dotter's Guadalcanal, making his first start of the year. Both of them ran well enough, but were soundly beaten by Jets Pat. Guadalcanal gave it a little run in the stretch, and in finishing sixth was beaten just over four lengths.

The moment, however, still belongs to Carry Back and Jack and Katherine Price. "We knew all along," said Mrs. Price after the Flamingo, "that this colt could go a distance and win at it, too. You know what we told the boy today before the race—his instructions, you know? Just two words, 'hurry back.' He did, too." END

IN THE STRETCH CARRY BACK GOES AFTER LEADERS AS YOUR BILL BEGINS TO FADE

ST. BONAVENTURE

continued from page 25

Bonaventure also beat some other opponents at Olean which it couldn't have licked anywhere else. The coaches of top teams refused to risk their records in what they called Bonaventure's snake pit. The school issued orders that its students must be quiet during all foul shots, an edict remarkably well obeyed. But the armory remained no place to visit and a great place to live. Donovan himself estimated the home-court advantage at from seven to 10 points.

Ten errors and a smile

Thus what happened Saturday night is all the more remarkable. The cheering lasted for a full 60 seconds when Co-Captains Martin and Stith were introduced for their last game at home. But the local crowd found little else to cheer about. Bonaventure played as if it were tensely aware that 100 is a much nicer number than 99. Ten times in the first half it gave the ball away on errors. Outrebounded from the start, it was missing first shots and not getting second ones. Niagara curbed the defensive antics of Jirele and Martin by using quick passes and a big man in the center of the court to help bring up the ball. Niagara led 41 36 at half time and quickly moved out to 55–42. When St. Bonaventure put on its lone burst to tie at 61–61 Niagara's fine jump shot, Al Butler, poured through four long shots in three minutes to settle the game. Stith bobbed and rolled superbly around the basket for 33 points, but that fine offensive effort wasn't good enough.

The Niagara coach, Taps Gallagher, kissed his players, patted his balding head and was carried off the floor proclaiming he hadn't won a bigger game in 27 years of coaching. In the Bonaventure dressing room Ed Donovan didn't look like a man who had just been bit in his own snake pit. He said, "The first 100 are the hardest, and I didn't make it." He hinted that his team was tired, which it obviously was. He confessed that Stith had lost 15 pounds since the season started. Then he smiled a jolly Franciscan kind of smile and said St. Bonaventure will be ready when the NCAA begins. Had the cheering section of friars been there they could have added "Amen." END

Arnold Palmer is a member of the famed Wilson Advisory Staff.

Arnold Palmer shows you why

You get a solid feeling of power when you swing a new Wilson Staff wood

LAST YEAR, Arnold Palmer won the Masters, the U.S. Open and a record $75,262. He was named "Professional Golfer of the Year" and became the first golfer to win the coveted "Sportsman of the Year" award for 1960.

Ask Arnold Palmer why he plays golf only with Wilson Staff woods and irons, and he will tell you, "When I was an amateur, I tried all kinds. Then I won the National Amateur Championship with Wilson clubs, and I've stuck with Wilson ever since."

Wilson pioneers power golf

Palmer's choice is not surprising, because Wilson pioneered the power trend in modern golf, with the exclusive Strata-Bloc wood head, the new Staff-Pro shaft, and the patented Reminder-Grip . . . all engineered to feed every ounce of a golfer's power into the ball.

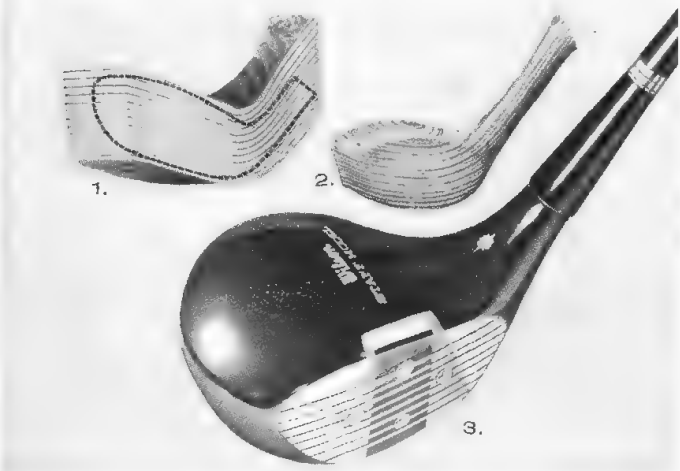
We asked Palmer how it feels to hit the new Wilson Staff woods.

"Feels sweet," he laughed.

"But, how?"

"I'll try to show you," he said, and picked up his Wilson Staff driver. Arnold drove two practice balls far down the fairway.

"It's a sweet feeling," Arnold declared, "a solid feeling that travels all the way through the club into your hands."

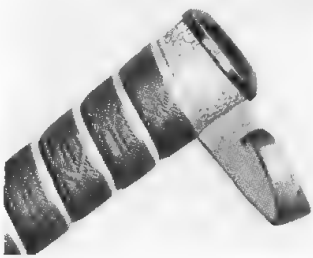


WILSON STRATA-BLOC can't split under the impact of the modern power hit, can't swell or warp from soaking moisture. Here's why:

1. Crossed layers of premium hard woods are bonded together into a single power-block clubhead.

2. The bonded block is shaped and refined for perfect playing balance.

3. New Aqua-Tite finish seals out moisture, seals in the perfect balance. It preserves their ebony luster for life. Wide nylon face insert assures you a broad hitting area.



WILSON LAYS CORK under the new narrow leather windings to give you a sure grip and confidence your hands won't slip.

Why Wilson grips have "feel"

Most clubs, according to Arnold, feel hard against the last two fingers of the left hand, especially at the top of the backswing. Not so with these new Wilson Staff woods. The reason is, Wilson narrow-winds a new tacky-soft calfskin grip over a cork underlisting.

"You need this sure grip," Palmer said, "if you want to hit the long tee-shot. That's because you release all your power through the grip down the shaft to the clubhead."



PALMER'S POWER EXPLODES through the impact zone to show the power-flex action of the Wilson Staff Pro shaft. This extra kick speeds the clubhead into the ball for greater distance.

We watched again as Palmer hit another long, climbing tee-shot, perhaps 295 yards, into the center of the fairway.

How the shaft kicks for distance

Only high speed cameras can follow the dynamic chain reaction as Palmer's swing unwinds . . . an unusual flexing action of the shaft that the naked eye can't see.

Palmer pointed to a spot on the shaft about 10 inches above the clubhead. "It's here," he said, "that the new Wilson Staff-Pro shaft kicks the clubhead through. You can feel it as your wrists uncock in the hitting area."

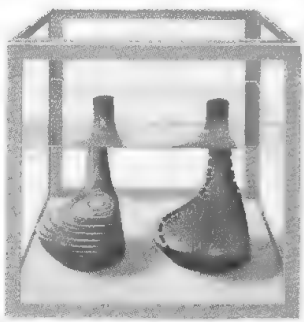
Strata-Bloc outmodes other woods

Palmer's clubhead, of course, is a Strata-Bloc, the Wilson exclusive that outmoded the old, one-piece wood head. When Arnold puts his full power into the ball, his clubhead must take the impact at a speed over 120 miles an hour. And Strata-Bloc can sure take it.

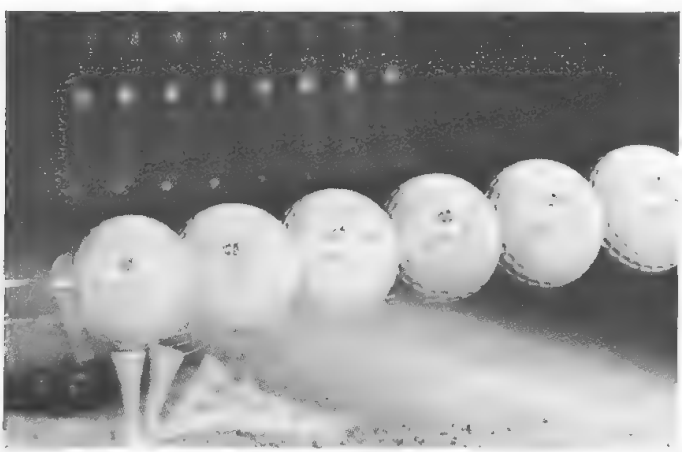
THE TOURNAMENT TEST

Thirty-five champion golfers (including Arnold Palmer, Sam Snead and Billy Casper) have tested the new Wilson Staff woods in tournament play against the world's best.

It's the toughest continuing test of distance, accuracy and durability in golf, and this year's Wilson Staff woods have passed every tournament test with winning colors.



18 YEARS UNDER WATER proved Wilson Strata-Bloc™ will not warp or swell. It soaked in water with a conventional wood clubhead of the same original shape and size. See how the Strata-Bloc head has retained its size and shape, while the conventional wood has swollen 12 per cent.



NEW WILSON STAFF BALL leaps off the tee 40% faster than you can swing your clubhead. This is the ball Arnold Palmer drove 346 yards to the first green of the 1960 U.S. Open Championship. New finish stays white for life.

Arnold Palmer suggests that you, too, get the "feel," and reach for distance with the new Wilson Staff woods. These pro-model clubs are available, in matched and registered sets, only at your golf professional shop.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

IDEA OF AN AMATEUR

Phil Coleman is an outstanding American athlete. He was a national champion in the one-mile run and the 3,000-meter steeplechase and a member of both the 1956 and 1960 U.S. Olympic teams. Disturbed by the constant bickering over the rightness or wrongness of payments to so-called amateur athletes, Coleman was moved to write this argument for the case of the pure amateur, the lover of sport, the athlete who asks no other reward than the opportunity to compete. His essay is in the form of a reply to Mike Agostini, the runner who calls himself a "shamateur" and whose story ('My Take-home Pay as an Amateur Sprinter,' SI, Jan. 30) began, "I am writing this story on my own typewriter. It was an illegal prize for running. . . ." The fee for Coleman's story has been paid, at his request, to the University of Chicago Track Club.

by PHIL COLEMAN

I am writing this story on my own typewriter. I paid $50 for it (used), $10 a month until it was paid for. If the money didn't come from my salary as a part-time teacher, it came from my wife's newspaper job. I can't trace the money precisely, but I know that it did not come from any earnings at track meets. I know, because there have been none. I contrast with Mike Agostini, the confessed shamateur, as one who may appear to be the Last of the Mohicans—a simon-pure amateur athlete.

I have not had the much-traveled career that Mike has had—Al Cantello, the Olympic javelin thrower, always refers to him as the Gypsy—and I have never led the world in any of my running specialties. But I've been a member of two Olympic teams, and I've spent several seasons running in the big indoor track meets. Last year I won six major indoor mile races in Boston I tied the American citizen's indoor record—and yet the $300–$800 fees that Mike mentioned so casually in his story have never come my way. There is a big difference between my track world and Mike Agostini's. I've seldom been offered money in excess of expenses, and I've never felt compelled to take it. I know that many other athletes feel the way I do, and I want to set the record straight.

That amateurism is dying I not only will concede, but affirm, and with as much relief as sorrow. But amateurism has been as workable a system as the one Agostini suggests to replace it.

Wes Santee, the American miler who in 1956 was banned from amateur athletics for life because he accepted money in excess of expenses, was quoted after his fall as saying that the only athletes who aren't getting paid are the ones who aren't good enough. After he reads my story, he may add "or smart enough," and in his own way he'll be right.

I remember running my first board-track mile six years ago. Santee was the principal attraction, and he sprinted out ahead to win easily. Floundering along 40 years behind, I managed to come in second. Third place went to a well-known American distance man, running his last season. I asked him after the meet if he thought I should try the longer races indoors or stick to the mile.

"The mile," he said. "That's where the big money is." I remember not only what he said but how he said it—as if he had bitten into a lemon. I think I know why he was bitter.

Mike Agostini says that running is the important thing in his life. While there have been other important things in my life, I think that here Mike and I are on common ground. Running has meant a minimum of two hours a day for the last 10 years with at least six miles covered in that two hours. Running is a reprieve from my desk, a chance to get some blood back in my legs, take my eyes off a book and focus them on something in the distance. But my workouts alone on the grass roads of the University of Illinois agronomy farms are not the joy of a casual communion with nature, a frolic through the woods. Instead, they are a series of controlled, frantic bursts, interspersed with slow, inward-turning jogs. They are challenges, lessons in self-persecution that make races seem easy.

Competing is important to me in a very different way. Psychologists would probably disagree as to whether I am compensating for an extreme inferiority complex or asserting aggressive tendencies that I can't express otherwise, and both views would be right. But they wouldn't be completely right. The urge to run must surely have instinctive roots that can't be traced. I know that when a race is going well, when I have control of the pace or a comfortable assurance that the race is mine when I want it, I am a 12-foot-tall light-as-a-feather god tasting a vintage wine. And even when things are going badly, when the pack pulls away and *rigor mortis* sets in, to run and be defeated is much better than not to run at all.

What does this have to do with my preference of amateurism to shamateurism? Couldn't I have run my races and enjoyed them just as much if I had been paid? I don't think so.

First, let's assess Mike Agostini's winnings. They turn out to be inconsequential: a typewriter here, a camera there, $50 for an indoor track appearance, some spending money picked up in Europe. Someone else, Mike reports, made $3,000 a summer. But it's always someone else. If Mike had made that much, I assume he would have told us.

He got two other things: a college education and a suit of clothes. A college education is not to be sniffed at; it's the dream of thousands, the symbol of success, the opportunity to prepare for life. But is that the sort of college education a subsidized athlete gets? He has traded his talents for an education, and now he can't get the education because he is too caught up in a whirl of practice and competition and travel. By taking the right courses and the right instructors, he can get a degree, but he hasn't received an education.

Back to Mike. An alumnus of Villanova gave Mike a suit of clothes, an overcoat and extras worth in all about $200. The label still says "Harris Goodman—Philadelphia." Mike then transferred to Fresno State. Mike wasn't given those clothes so that he could show up in style at Fresno State. That $75 overcoat was intended for Philadelphia winters. Not only was the alumnus breaking NCAA and AAU regulations; he was also offering a bribe. However, he is not the person I'm concerned with here. Mike accepted the bribe and then welshed. And this, I insist, regardless of what the rules are, is, if not immoral or unethical, at least irresponsible.

Let's assume for the moment that in the period from 1953 to 1960 Mike

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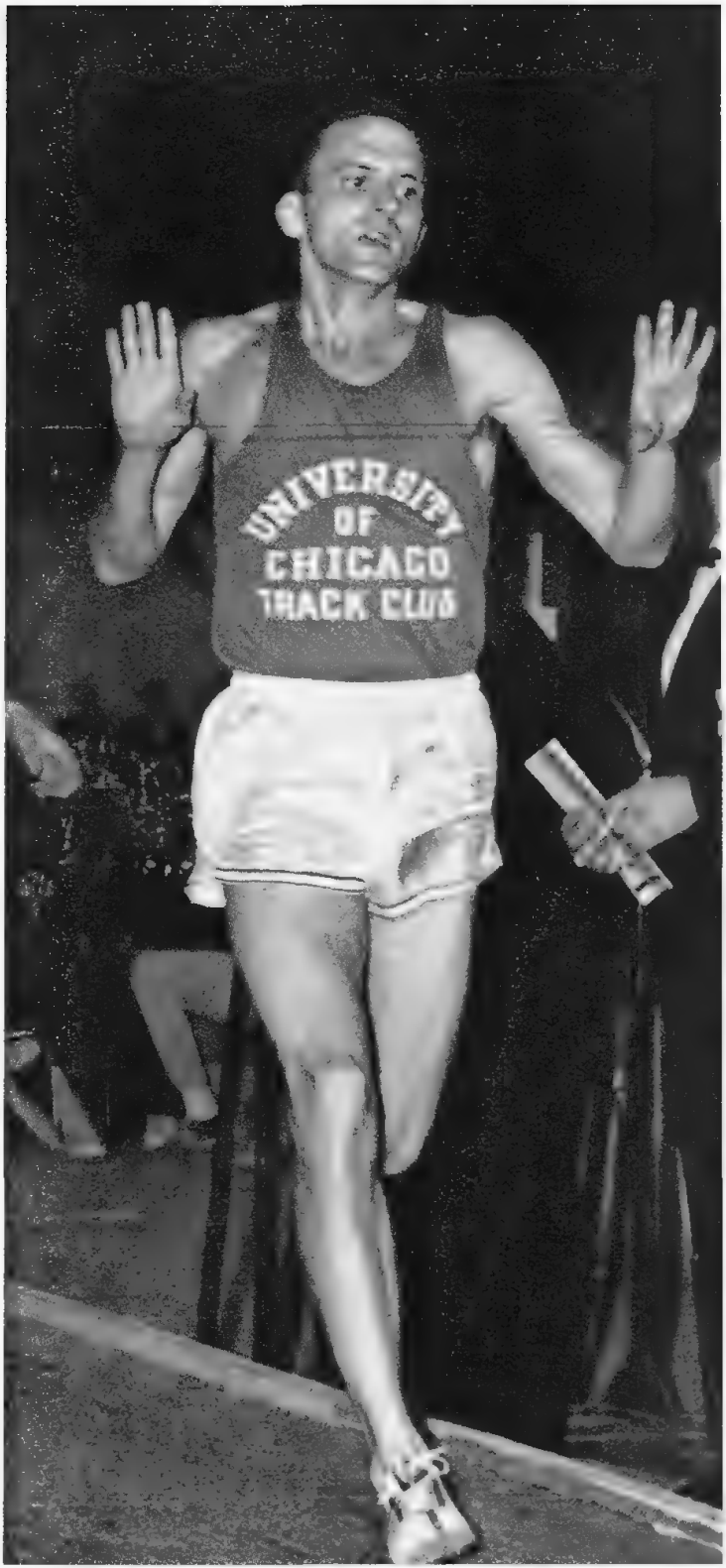


Coleman equaled best indoor mile ever run by an American when he did 4:03.8 (right).

REPLY TO MIKE *continued*

Agostini made $10,000 above and beyond the expenses he could allowably claim as an amateur. The evidence he has presented in his article indicates that he made much less, but let's be generous. Then, let's be absurd and assume that I could have made this much in the same period. If I could be $10,000 richer today, would it have been worth it? Would $10,000 be worth it if I knew that there was a man in Philadelphia who not only had bought my gratitude but also knew that I wasn't grateful? Would it be worth being friendly with every meet promoter who is willing to connive, with every hypocritical AAU official who says one thing and does another? Would it be worth knowing that I have to run, whether I feel like it or not? Would it be worth knowing that I lie when I sign my oath of amateurism before competing in the Olympic Games? If it takes any part of the thrill or joy out of running, then $10,000 isn't enough.

Agostini professes that he started as an amateur and was seduced of his innocence. He blames the system. I insist that Mike could have learned to say no. He could have had his athletic career and his amateur spirit, too. He could have turned down the suit of clothes, the typewriter and the camera. If he had been willing to work occasionally, he could still be possessed of those things with the comfortable knowledge that they aren't gifts from people he despises.

Have I suffered as an amateur? The fact that I had to go through college without an athletic scholarship is really beside the point. When I enrolled at Southern Illinois University I was not good enough, by anyone's standards, to merit help (my best high school mile was 5 minutes flat). And my parents could afford to send me. However, I improved enough so that track became the big part of my college career. When I was in college I was at least as naive as the young Agostini. When I traveled alone to the Central Collegiate meet in Milwaukee my junior year I had the peculiar notion that it was my duty to spend as little of the school's funds as possible. I walked from the train station to the hotel, and when the bellboy who insisted on carrying my bags to my room turned for his tip I had none for him. I still remember the empty-handed stare of contempt.

I also remember that my school didn't have funds to send me to the AAU championships and Olympic trials in 1952 and that I got there only through my brother's generosity. In those two meets I got to see and run against the best distance runners in the country. In fact, I had a better view of Curtis Stone winning the 5,000 meters at the trials than anyone else in the Los Angeles Coliseum. I was just one lap and 100 yards behind him. I was far from being good enough for the 1952 Olympic team, but I decided at that time that someday I might be.

In 1954 I joined the University of Chicago Track Club and began to run well enough to place in national meets. The track club theory of running differs from Mike Agostini's. We run because we like to, and our first consideration is always how to get enough money to go to a track meet, never how much money we will make there. I remember the first trip I made with the club, to the AAU cross-country meet in Philadelphia in 1954. The club had enough money for train fare—coach, both ways. In Philadelphia we stayed at the YMCA to keep down expenses and bought our own meals. One boy carried a shopping bag loaded with sandwiches, because he figured that he could save $5 that way. I finished fourth in the meet; the team finished second. After the race, we dressed and ate as much of the free lunch as we could and took off for the railroad station and our overnight coach ride back. This was what I expected of a track trip, and I enjoyed it. When I began to get invitations to the big indoor meets I was pleasantly surprised to learn that the expense money provided permitted a more luxurious mode of travel.

Ted Haydon, our track club coach, devised the system which we use to handle the expenses of going to indoor meets. He contacts the meet promoters and tells them what my expenses will be; he makes the reservations and buys the tickets. This saves me the time and trouble, and it prevents the possibility of promoters pressuring me. I go to a meet to run the race I want to run the way I want to run it. A meet promoter

continued

Meet The Pepperell Family on Cotton Cay– Imaginary Island in the Sun

father Pepperell conducts the Cotton Cay symphony

In music and song, the Pepperell family likes to celebrate their life as *civilized* beachcombers. They like to take time to indulge in the arts... and thought... and just dream in the sun.

But they like their creature comforts, too. How to solve the dilemma? Well, an important part of its solution, lies in Mother's insistence on dressing everybody in sportswear tagged Pepperell. For she knows this tag means the best in wash-wear.

For instance, these fabrics will machine-wash. Won't wrinkle, fade or shrink. Need a mere touch of the iron. And they're 'Sanforized Plus,' too.

Moreover, the island-inspired colors and textures are decidedly unusual and chic.

Then there's the famed Pepperell quality. You see, these wash-wear fabrics come from the New England company that has been making fine Lady Pepperell Sheets for over 100 years.

doesn't have to invite me to his meet, and if he does, I am in no way obligated.

One point which Agostini doesn't make clear is that the AAU recognizes that competing in a meet should not cost the athlete anything. If I am given air fare to New York and money for a room and meals while I am there, I am not violating even the most strict interpretation of the amateur rules. Also, I might add, the profits of most indoor meets go, at least ostensibly, to charity. *I recognize the charity racket for what* it is, and I don't pretend that no one is getting rich on any of the indoor meets, but I don't think that Agostini's justification that he is entitled to a cut of the loot is reasonable. The honor and the glory and the urge that says "Run!" are worth more than a paycheck.

I know of several other track men besides Agostini who have received money for their races. One runner whose career overlapped Wes Santee's told me that he was approached after winning a race by the runner he had beaten and told how much money to ask for. *After that, he was paid more or less* regularly for his races, and he doesn't feel that any harm was done. But note this. He would have run for nothing. When he started receiving pay he had already been running for years, and the sport itself had been reward enough. If I could name the runner without embarrassing him, I could also demonstrate that his running for pay ultimately did him a disservice. Throughout the early season in 1956 he was one of the best at his distance in the nation. But he ran too many races, how many for pay I don't know. By the time the Olym*pic trials took place in June, he had lost* his edge, and didn't make the team.

I started running the mile on the indoor circuit in 1955, the year before Wes Santee was banned. Santee was a splendid sight in his shock-pink-and-blue Kansas uniform, with his long legs that in spite of their length seemed barely to reach the boards and the cocky smile that carefully hid a basically friendly person. In 1955 Santee was the greatest American miler and potentially the greatest miler in the world. He had all the assets—spring, strength, drive, confidence and devotion. He was on the verge of achieving his greatness when his career was cut short—cut short because he thought that the money he would make was more important than the race.

I don't blame the AAU for banning Wes Santee. Neither do I give it much credit. Santee was caught publicly. No one could hide his actions. The people at fault were those who influenced Wes to think that the money was all-important—the athletes who, before his time, had accepted pay and the promoters and officials who offered it.

The fall of Wes Santee coincided with the rise of indoor track's greatest miler, almost to the very race. Ron Delany enrolled as a freshman at Villanova in the fall of 1954 and started his fabulous string of indoor victories the next year. I cannot count the number of times that I ran second to Delany, though after the first few I was happy to be second, because there was always a pack of scrappers like myself scrambling to be the first to finish behind him. All those races congeal in my memory into one big race—a sort of formula dream, frequently repeated. *Though there were variations* in the way it began, it always ended the same. Just after the half-mile mark, I would try to get away. I would take the lead and put everything I had into the next quarter. I never managed to get enough of an edge on Delany, but usually he was the only one who caught me. Even when things were going their worst and I was an also-ran, even when I was running so badly that no one would have dreamed of paying me, the mere opportunity to race—to take on the best and know that it was the best who had beaten me—was payment enough.

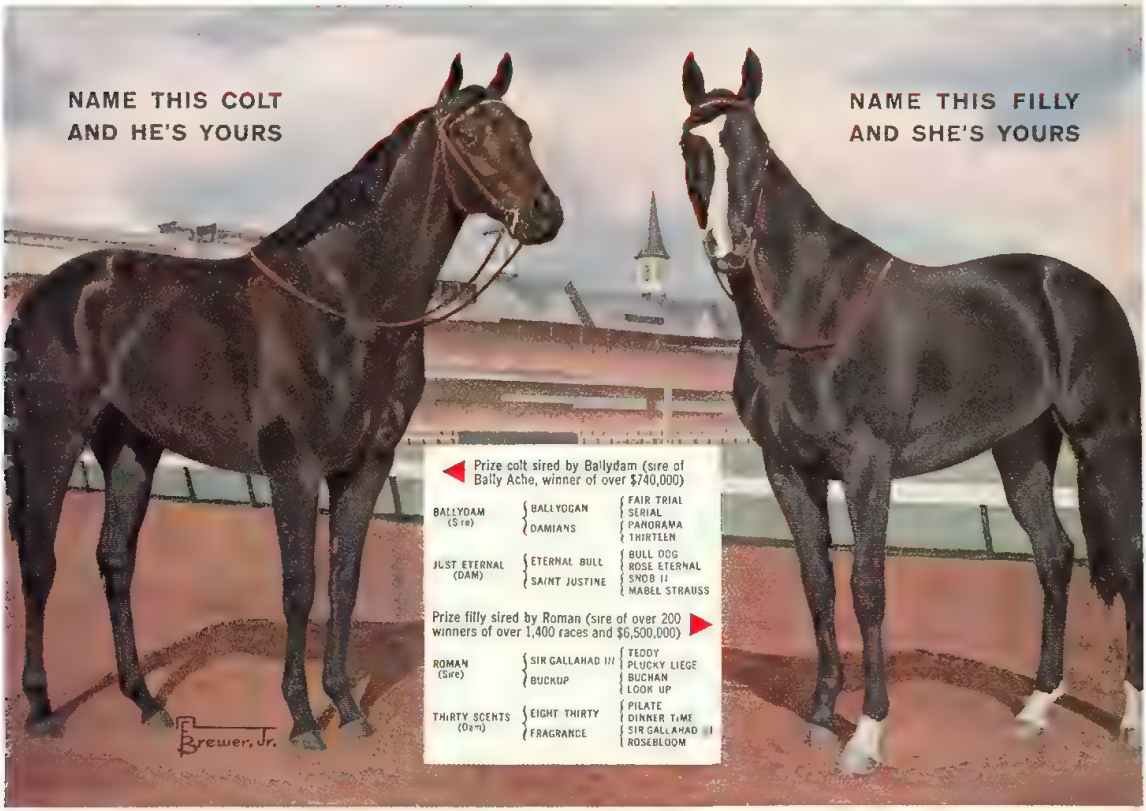
In 1957, 1958, 1959 and 1960 I ran in almost all of the big indoor meets—all I wanted to go to. I ran hard, and I frequently came home exhausted. I got stranded by weathered-in planes, I missed flights, I stayed in crummy hotels. I got behind in my school work. And through it all, I loved it. Only in the last year, when I was winning more races than I was losing, did I finally get tired of the weekend travel. But I did it gladly without pay.

"Well and good," you might say, especially if you are Mike Agostini or Wes Santee, "but didn't you need pay? And

continued

Win These Race Horses

KENTUCKY CLUB DOUBLE DERBY DAY CONTEST



Winner of each Thoroughbred also gets two choice seats to 1961 Kentucky Derby—plus hotel room for four days—plus $1,000.00 in cash for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

This year's Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest is a thrilling *DOUBLE* event. It brings you a *DOUBLE* opportunity to win the race horse of your dreams. Just name the prize colt and he's yours. Name the prize filly and she's yours. Name both and you're a *DOUBLE* winner.

No need to worry about how you would take care of a race horse—even if you live in an apartment. Kentucky Club pays all expenses for board and training your prize Thoroughbred by the experienced trainer, L. K. Haggin, at War Horse Place, Lexington, Ky., to July 1, 1961. Later, you can race or sell your prize Thoroughbred, as you wish. We hope you will reap a fortune.

IT'S EASY TO WIN. Awards will be made for the best names for the Kentucky Club prize colt—and the best names for the prize filly. Remember, this is a DOUBLE event—two separate contests. So enter the COLT CONTEST or the FILLY CONTEST, or both. Use plain paper or entry blanks on opposite page. Send as many entries as you want. Start now.

TOTAL OF 1000 GREAT PRIZES

500 in Colt Contest — 500 in Filly Contest

2ND PRIZE IN EACH CONTEST — $500.00 IN CASH.

3RD TO 27TH IN EACH CONTEST — BOLEX "Compumatic" 8mm twin lens turret movie camera, with Trigger Handle and Leather Case. Governor-controlled motor runs at standard 18 frames per second. Equipped with both Lytar 13mm f/1.9 normal lens and Yvar 36mm f/2.8 telephoto lens. Viewfinder shows fields for both lenses. Compumatic measures light *through the lens.* Result: perfect exposures every time with each lens.

28TH TO 500TH — Eight beautiful "Derby Day" beverage glasses especially created for winners of this contest.

THE SWITCH IS ON . . . TO KENTUCKY CLUB BRANDS AND A PIPE

Switching to a pipe is the wise and satisfying way to enjoy tobacco. It's easy to find a tobacco to suit your personal taste in Kentucky Club's 9 quality blends. All packaged in moisture-proof Kenseal Pouch that keeps tobacco fresh, mellow and cool-smoking.

even if you didn't need it, didn't you deserve it?"

My wife has worked off and on since our marriage to supplement my paycheck, but if the truth were known she has really wanted to. Living on our two salaries we have raised our two children and in the last few years saved enough money so that she could accompany me to the Olympic Games in Rome. While we could have spent $10,000 if we had had it, we also could have lived much more simply than we have. No one but the unemployed can argue that he *needs* to be paid for running.

Do I *deserve* pay? Aside from the real benefit of running, the simple pleasure of the act, I have also received some material rewards: a trip to Australia for the 1956 Olympic Games; through Russia, Poland, Hungary and Greece in 1958; to Rome last summer, with a tour of Athens, London, Dublin, Glasgow and three cities in Sweden tacked on; and countless trips to New York, Los Angeles and points in between in the U.S. In addition, I have received the clothing allotments that members of the U.S. Olympic teams receive and countless prizes—two transistor radios, a suitcase, trophies, medals and too many watches. In short, I have been rewarded. Beyond this, do I deserve pay? Not shamateur pay. I deserve something better than that.

There is no special virtue in amateurism if the definition hinges only on whether or not the athlete is paid. The value of amateurism lies deeper. It is the value the Greeks recognized as lost when they discontinued the ancient Olympic Games. Amateurism is a point of view, a state of mind. It is an attitude toward sport that recognizes it as something other than a profession, something other than life's work, something other than a livelihood or a means of existence. Athletics has been for me a way of life, but it has not been a whole life, and it cannot be. One of the brutal facts is that man grows old; even the hardiest competitor who holds on as long as he can has a falling off of talents. If he has nothing else to do and is lucky, he becomes a hollow ghost of his hardy youth, a Clarence DeMar, going through an autumnal

continued

spring rite at the Boston Marathon—not an old man against young men but an old man against himself and the road. If he is less lucky, he simply bores his guests with a history of the Yale football team of '06 or the time he ran against Charlie Paddock. Or he goes to the gym and jogs a lap before he takes his steam bath. Or, unluckiest of all, he ends up punch-drunk and blurry-eyed.

An amateur's commitment to sport is a qualified commitment, an acknowledgment that he will give his all only within certain restrictions. He will do his utmost in his two hours a day, knowing that he might be better if he spent eight hours or if he added weight lifting or if he dropped spices from his diet or quit sleeping with his wife. He strives to do the utmost within his limits but has the reservation that if he is not himself victorious this does not mean that he is defeated. This is his creed, whether he is an amateur runner, boxer, painter or fisherman.

At the same time, there is a social reason for amateurism. The age of mechanization, mass production and collective bargaining has brought for most Americans an increase in leisure time. The 48-hour week has become a 40-hour week, and in some areas it has been reduced to 35. A large segment of the population has found itself in the dilemma of having time on its hands and not knowing what to do with it. For some, all leisure is TV time. But for others, leisure time means time to devote to a hobby, a craft—or a sport. This leisure-time approach is necessarily an amateur approach: I'll-do-what-I-can-in-the-time-that-I-have attitude. The joy of this leisure lies in the fact that there is no pressure, no compulsion to hurry through in order to get paid.

If Mike Agostini wants to get paid for his sport, I will let him. If the time comes when track is run on a semiprofessional basis, I'll be relieved that my friends who want to earn money can do it openly without fear of expulsion. I do ask of the Mike Agostinis that they stop implying that because they do something, everybody does and insisting that because they do it, it's right. END

Breezing along at 80 miles an hour, an expert takes his chances on the famed aerial ski tow at Lake Placid.

It's great to take chances but not on your bourbon

Walker's DeLuxe is aged in charred-oak casks for eight long years, twice as long as many other bourbons. Its extra years make it extra mellow.

8 years old

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 8 YEARS OLD • 86 8 PROOF • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BADMINTON—U.S. defeated Canada in a five-out-of-nine series to clinch the North American Zone final in the Thomas Cup. In the fifth and deciding game Jim Poole of San Diego beat Bev Wescott 15–4, 15–3. The U.S. will go to Indonesia later this month for the finals.

BASKETBALL—In a double-header at Madison Square Garden Syracuse defeated Detroit and New York lost to Philadelphia, thus clinching a playoff berth for Syracuse. The race between Los Angeles and Detroit for second place in the Western Division remained close. Both lost to Syracuse, Los Angeles beat Boston and lost to Philadelphia, Detroit beat New York and lost to Boston, leaving Los Angeles a slim two and a half games ahead. In the NBL Cleveland Center Lloyd Sharrar, in game against Akron, tipped in a goal with two seconds to play and clinched the Eastern Division championship for Cleveland. Denver continued to lead in the West, only one victory away from clinching the Western title.

BOXING—RAY PATTERSON, 18-year-old brother of heavyweight champion Floyd, defeated Jim Howard to win the heavyweight title in the New York Golden Gloves at Madison Square Garden. CASSIUS CLAY, Olympic light heavyweight champion, won his fifth straight professional fight with a 7-round TKO over Donnie Fleeman in heavyweight bout at Miami Beach.
GASPAR ORTEGA upset world welterweight champion Benny Paret with a 10-round decision in nontitle bout in Los Angeles.
LUIS RODRIGUEZ of Cuba, 2nd ranking welterweight, scored repeatedly with fast left jabs and combinations to register a 5-round TKO over Lyle MacKay in bout in Oakland, Calif.
DAVE CHARNLEY of England retained his European lightweight title with a 15-round decision over French champion Fernand Nollet in bout in London. Charnley's victory earned him a crack at Joe Brown's world title April 18 in London.
GIULIO RINALDI of Italy, challenger for Archie Moore's world light heavyweight title, took a 10-round decision over New York's Freddie Mack in bout in Rome.

COURT TENNIS—NORTHRUP R. KNOX of East Aurora, N.Y., defeated Jimmy Bostwick of Old Westbury, N.Y., 6–0, 3–6, 6–1, 6–4 to win the U.S. amateur title in Philadelphia.

GOLF—ARNOLD PALMER walked off with the $20,000 Baton Rouge (La.) Open, shot a 266 for 72 holes to beat Runner-up Wes Ellis Jr., of West Caldwell, Ia., by seven strokes.

HOCKEY—TORONTO, with a 4-2 victory over Montreal, regained sole possession of first place. By week's end Toronto was still two points ahead, but was left with only nine more games to play, to Montreal's 10.
RPI and St. Lawrence remained the two eastern collegiate teams most likely to receive bids to the NCAA tournament at Denver University, March 16–18. RPI defeated Boston University 5-2 for its 11th victory in the last 14 games, and St. Lawrence shut out Boston College 3–0. Harvard, leader in the Ivy League with an 8–0 record, withdrew its team from consideration for the NCAA tournament. Boston College scored a decisive win over archrival Boston University, 7–2. Cornell scored its first victory over Dartmouth, 5–3. Minnesota, led by Jerry Norman (3 goals), Gary Schmalzbauer and Ron Constantine (2 goals each), crushed Colorado Springs 12–2 and broke a second-place tie with Michigan in the WCHA. Michigan beat Michigan Tech 4–2. Michigan State and North Dakota split.
In their European tour the U.S. amateurs beat Czechoslovakia's B team, lost to their A team, and split two games against Poland's all-stars.

HORSE RACING—PROVE IT ($2,800), held back by Willie Shoemaker until the stretch run, moved briskly past Oink and Grey Eagle to win the $145,000 Santa Anita Handicap by 2¾ lengths. Oink also caught Grey Eagle to finish second by ¾ of a length. It was the third stake success and ninth victory in less than a year for Rex Ellsworth's Prove It. His time of 1¼ miles was two minutes.
GREEK STAR ($8.20) fought off repeated challenges to hold the pace from start to finish in the $58,150 New Orleans Handicap at the Fair Grounds. The victory was the fourth straight for Sidney M. Barton's 6-year-old strawberry roan. Under Ray Broussard, Greek Star beat Road House by two lengths, covering nine furlongs in 1:49 4/5.
GEECHEE LOU ($8) caught Don't Abbi in a stretch drive to win the $45,500 Washington's Birthday Handicap over grass at Santa Anita by 1½ lengths. Favored T. V. Lark was third. L. J. Krakower's Geechee Lou ran the 1½ miles in 2:26. Johnny Longden up.

MOTOR SPORTS—MARVIN PANCH of Daytona Beach, Fla. won the Daytona "500" at Daytona Beach (see page 58). JIMMY THOMPSON of Monroe, N.C., scored the biggest victory of his racing career when he withstood a strong challenge by Bill Decoster of Basking Ridge, N.J., to win the Daytona 250-mile modified-sportsman race by 1.5 seconds. Thompson, driving a 1949 Ford with a Thunderbird engine, set a record average of 141.732 mph. FIREBALL ROBERTS of Daytona Beach, and JOE WEATHERLY of Norfolk, Va., each won an accident-marred 160-mile late model stock-car race. Roberts won the first with an average 129.77, Weatherly the second with an average 152.77. Both drove Pontiacs.

SKIING—BUDDY WERNER of University of Colorado and Linda Meyers of Mammoth Mountain, Calif. won the men and women's combined titles in the Roch Cup Race at Aspen. Werner had 6.69 FIS points, Meyers 4.21 FIS points.
KALEVI HUSSKONEN of Sweden won the world biathlon championship in Umea, Sweden. Husskonen's time for the combined cross-country skiing and shooting event was 1:32:11. Runner-up was Russia's Alexandre Privalov in 1:35:07. Dick Taylor of Manchester, N.H., made the best U.S. showing, finished 11th, ahead of Russian ace Nikolay Pavlovsky, in 1:41:41.

SWIMMING—NEW TRIER, Winnetka, Ill., proved its claim to be the best high school team in history by breaking six national and eight state records to win its 12th Illinois state championship since 1942. National high school marks fell to Fred Schmidt, whose time of 52.7 for the 100-yard butterfly is also faster than the NCAA record of 53.1 held by Olympic champion Mike Troy; Terry Townsend, who won the 200-yard freestyle in 1:59.1 and the 400 in 4:01.7; Roger Goettsche, the 100-yard backstroke in 55.1; Dale Kiefer, the 200-yard individual medley in 2:05.1; and the New Trier 400-yard medley relay of Goettsche, Ed Sessions, Schmidt and Bob Lavin, in 1:42.6. TOM TRETHEWAY, 16-year-old Mt. Lebanon, Pa., high school junior, set an American record in the 100-yard breaststroke in 1:02.

TENNIS—SALLY MOORE of Bakersfield, Calif., defeated England's Ann Haydon 7–9, 6–1, 8–6 in the semifinals of the St. Andrews International championship in Kingston, Jamaica, won the final by default when Christine Truman pulled a muscle. ROD LAVER defeated his fellow countryman Roy Emerson 4–6, 6–3, 6–4 to take the men's singles title.

TRACK & FIELD—In their second meeting in the U.S., this one the AAU championships at Madison Square Garden, Russia's Valeri Brumel again beat Boston University's John Thomas in the high jump. Brumel cleared 7 feet 2 inches to Thomas' 7 feet. Tennessee State's Ralph Boston set a new indoor record in the broad jump with a leap of 26 feet 6¼ inches. Boston had stiff competition from Russia's Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, who leaped 26 feet. In the mile Jim Beatty, with a last-lap kick, defeated Hungary's Istvan Rozsavolgyi by 10 yards. Beatty's time was 4:09.3. Ernie Cunliffe set a world indoor mark in the 1,000-yard run in 2:08. Canada's 17-year-old Bruce Kidd won the three mile in 13:47. Frank Budd won the 60-yard dash in 6.1; Hayes Jones won the 60-yard high hurdle in seven seconds to equal the world indoor record.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: JIM POLLARD, 38, former basketball star for Stanford and the Minneapolis Lakers, as coach of Chicago's new entry in the NBA.
NAMED: TED ATKINSON, 44, who retired in 1959 after 22 years of riding, as steward of Chicago tracks, by the Illinois Racing Board.
DIED: DOUG BINGHAM, 21, University of Utah wrestler, of a heart attack suffered during a collegiate match at Powell, Wyo.
DIED: RUSTY CALLOW, 70, dean of college and Olympic rowing coaches, in Phoenix. Callow coached crew for 37 years, was most famous for his eight-oared Navy sophomore crew that won a gold medal at the 1932 Olympics and went through its entire collegiate career without losing a heat or a race.

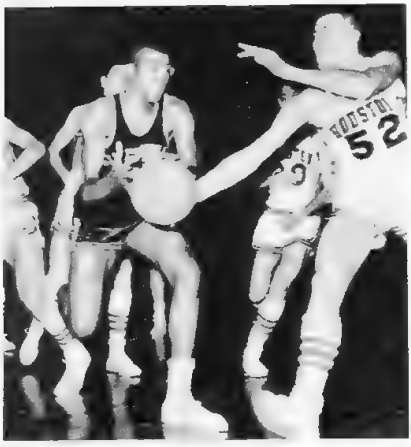
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

5—sketch by B. Chomatz; 8—A.P.; 2—Walter H. Close Mackay, Studio 31; 32—Fred Vuittron Photo; Guillermo 34—Gunther Tenney; 36—map by W. Jam Brewster; 45—Conway Studios; 47—UPI; 48—B. Oan Office, N.Y. Yankees Photo; 50—A.P.; 58—T. McKinney; 60—Miami Herald; 65, 76—A.P.; 80—drawing by Edward Sore; 82—Harry Pea

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

The postseason tournament picture was beginning to take shape. The NCAA, patiently waiting for conference races to be decided, picked up Mid-Atlantic champion **St. Joseph's** (20-4) and seemed almost certain to get **Ohio State** (Big Ten), **Kansas State** (Big Eight), **Texas Tech** (Southwest), **Princeton** (Ivy) and **Rhode Island** (Yankee). But the situation was still unsettled in the Atlantic Coast and Southern (where championship tournaments begin Thursday), Southeastern, Ohio Valley, Missouri Valley, Skyline,



HEMMED IN by the enemy, Cincinnati's Paul Hogue watches forlornly as Houston's Thurman bats ball from his hands.

Big Five, West Coast and Border conferences. Meanwhile the NIT, with a spot reserved for the Missouri Valley runner-up (**Bradley** or **Cincinnati**), filled two of its four remaining berths with **Temple** (18-5) and **Niagara** (15-4), which caught **St. Bonaventure** with its usually dependable defenses lagging and upset the Bonnies 87-77 at, of all places, Olean (*see page 24*). Other NIT possibilities: **Tennessee State** (24-4); **St. Louis** (17-7); **NYU** (11-9); Skyline runner-up (**Colorado State U.** or **Utah**).

THE EAST

New York basketball, once so dominating but lately a pushover for visitors, lifted its head again last week in Madison Square Garden. **St. John's** broke down **Marquette**'s fast break with some robust rebounding by 6-foot-9 Leroy Ellis, and Tony Jackson (who between them also scored 54 points) and whipped the helter-skelter Hilltoppers 85-69. **NYU**, for once playing the pure, glue-tight defense that Coach Lou Rossini admires, stopped **Wake Forest**'s outside shooters, outsmarted and outmaneuvered the bigger Deacons under the boards and upset them 70-61. However, a New Yorker who got away drew the most cheers. **Duke**'s hustling Art Heyman (from Long Island) fired in 36 points and led the Blue Devils past inefficient **Seton Hall** 112-78.

Princeton, only a game away from the Ivy crown after beating surprisingly difficult **Harvard** 80-73, lost to **Dartmouth** 73-69; **Navy** rallied to beat **Army** 61-55. The top three:

1. ST. BONAVENTURE (21-2)
2. ST. JOHN'S (17-4)
3. ST. JOSEPH'S (20-4)

THE SOUTH

The SEC, mired in mediocrity, was fumbling to a conclusion, and there was a faint suspicion that **Kentucky**'s Adolph Rupp may yet have the last laugh—and an NCAA bid. With first-place **Mississippi State** prepared to withdraw because of its refusal to play against Negroes, the invitation will go to the runner-up. And it could be Rupp's Wildcats, who bustled into a three-way tie for second (with **Vanderbilt** and **Florida**) after nudging aside Vandy 60-59 on Ned Jennings' basket and trouncing **Alabama** 80-53. Vanderbilt recovered to beat Florida 77-60, thereby creating the triple deadlock.

North Carolina, using a "California-style" man-to-man "to keep **Duke** running," beat the Blue Devils 69-66 on York Larese's backhand flip and Yogi Peteet's foul shot in overtime to win the ACC regular-season championship. **West Virginia**, warming up for the Southern Conference tournament, defeated **Penn State** 71-68 and **George Washington** 104-90, while **William and Mary**'s bulky Jeff Cohen tuned up with 49 points as the Indians clobbered **Richmond** 105-84. The top three:

1. NORTH CAROLINA (19-4)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (22-3)
3. DUKE (20-5)

THE MIDWEST

It was a nightmarish week for **Kansas**. The Jayhawks took an 81-63 drubbing from **Kansas State** and three nights later **Nebraska** upset them 69-68. To make matters worse, Kansas State rolled over **Missouri** 91-71 to take the Big Eight lead.

Ohio State moved two steps closer to the Big Ten title. The methodical Buckeyes, calmly shrugging off the boos of toilet-tissue-tossing **Indiana** rooters, put down the Hoosiers 73-69, then battered **Wisconsin** 97-74. But **Iowa** and **Purdue** were still alive. The Hawkeyes overcame **Michigan** 50-46 and **Minnesota** 61-43; Terry Dischinger poured in 52 points as Purdue beat **Michigan State** 85-74.

Cincinnati, after disposing of independent **Houston** 85-80, put away **North Texas State** 73-43 for its 16th straight. But the Bearcats (10-2) were warily eying **Bradley** (9-2). The Braves squeezed by **Wichita** 57-56 and **Tulsa** 64-62 and will tie Cincinnati if they beat **St. Louis** Saturday at Peoria. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (22-0)
2. CINCINNATI (21-3)
3. BRADLEY (21-4)

THE SOUTHWEST

Texas Tech was in command in the SWC. While **SMU** upset **Texas A&M** 65-61 and the Aggies, in turn, ran away from **Texas** 86-69, ambitious Tech buried **Baylor** under a second-half fusillade of shots and beat them 98-81. Then Tech overwhelmed **TCU** 101-75 to clinch a tie for the title. Border leader **Arizona State** (9-1) ended its schedule by beating **Texas Western** 89-86 and **Arizona** 94-75. But **New Mexico State** (6-1) can tie by winning its last three games. The top three:

1. TEXAS TECH (13-8)
2. ARKANSAS (15-6)
3. HOUSTON (15-9)

THE WEST

USC ventured up north and almost wished it hadn't after **Oregon State** lit into the unsuspecting Trojans and beat them 62-58. But next night, when a fussy 2-1-2 zone held Trojan John Rudometkin to one field goal in the second half, Chris Appel picked up the slack with 27 points and USC won 74-68. Then the Trojans got a helping hand in the Big Five race from **California**, which upset **UCLA** 66-65 for the Bruins' fourth loss.

The West Coast AC was more jumbled than ever. **San Francisco**, in contention a week earlier, was suddenly floundering. The Dons lost to **Santa Clara**, 51-45, and **St. Mary's**, 64-46, and now the Gaels were hot on the trail of **Loyola**.

Skyline teams were finding **Utah**'s slick Billy McGill hard to pin down. Despite boxing defenses, McGill flipped in 66 points as the Utes whomped **Brigham Young** 95-80 and **Utah State** 96-84. The top three:

1. UTAH (19-5)
2. USC (17-5)
3. ST. MARY'S (18-5)

YESTERDAY

Mosie's Special Hat Trick

Bill Mosienko did it in an NHL game nine years ago and set a record that should long endure

by DUNCAN BARNES

A small group (3,254) of hockey regulars wandered into New York's Madison Square Garden on March 23, 1952, to watch the fifth-place Rangers play the last-place Chicago Black Hawks. It was a rainy, windy night and beyond the prospect of fights between the players or, perhaps a Ranger victory, the few fans didn't expect much in the way of excitement. The game was the last one of the regular season, and both teams had long since been eliminated from the Stanley Cup playoffs.

But on that dismal night nine years ago, a record was made—a record that probably will never be broken. Bill Mosienko, Chicago's veteran right-winger, scored three goals in the unbelievably short span of 21 seconds.

The game itself developed as a routine affair. The Rangers built up to a 5-2 lead over the inept Black Hawks by the end of the second period. And when New York's Ed Slowinski got his third goal of the night early in the third period, some of the spectators in the nearly empty stands began to leave.

Suddenly, Gus Bodnar, the Chicago center, picked up a loose puck at center ice and passed it to Mosienko, who was straddling the Ranger blue line. Only Ranger Defenseman Hy Buller was between Mosienko and the goal. Buller, however, was off balance just long enough for Mosienko to skate around him. He cut straight in at Ranger Goalie Lorne Anderson, faked to the left and sent

continued

Hat Trick *continued*

the puck flat along the ice into the right side of the cage. The public address system blared out: "Chicago goal by Bill Mosienko, assisted by Gus Bodnar. Time: 6:09."

A few seconds later Bodnar got control of the puck on the ensuing face-off at center ice and again spotted Mosienko on the Ranger blue line. Slipping backward a bit, Mosienko took Bodnar's pass and skated through the Ranger defense. He slammed the puck along the ice into the right side of the cage. Time: 6:20.

"I'm sure Anderson was expecting high shots," recalled Mosienko recently. "Twice before during the game he had stopped high ones and I thought that he'd fall for the low shot. He did—a lucky thing for me."

Mosienko skated into the goal mouth, picked up the puck and took it back to the Chicago bench. "I dug that puck out because it was my 30th goal of the season," said Mosienko. "I guess some of the fans thought it was pretty funny when I got the puck. A bunch of them hooted and laughed."

Chicago Coach Ebbie Goodfellow motioned Mosienko's line to stay on the ice, and, as the remaining spectators stamped their feet in appreciation of Mosienko's two quick goals, the referee dropped the puck. Again Bodnar won the face-off. He slapped the puck to Left Wing George Gee, who relayed it to Mosienko near the Ranger blue line. Mosienko skated halfway in toward the goal, then slowed down. His hesitation drew Anderson out of the nets, and Mosienko lifted the puck high into the right side of the goal. ("I figured Anderson would be looking for another low shot.") Time: 6:30.

For a second, Madison Square Garden was quiet. Then, as Mosienko skated to the Chicago bench, the stunned crowd rose as one and burst into applause. "I wasn't quite sure what to do," said Mosienko, "until one of our forwards, Jimmy Peters, told me to get the puck. 'That's a record, Mosie,' he kept yelling."

The rest of the game was anticlimactic, even though the Black Hawks later tied the score and, with only 38 seconds left, won on Sid Finney's goal. It was a dramatic finish, but only Mosienko's record performance would be remembered. END

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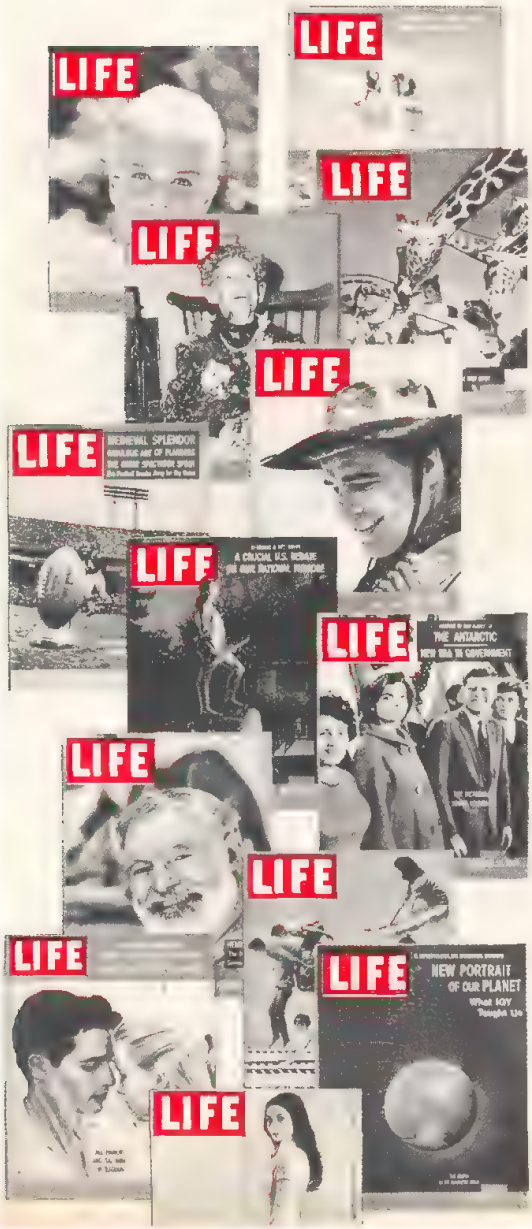

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19TH HOLE THE READERS

MEMORIES

Sirs:

I did not know the members of the United States figure skating team well, for I only met them a short while ago in Philadelphia, where I was assigned to photograph them by your editors.

Would-be sports authorities forewarned me at the time that as a journalist I might find figure skaters a difficult group to deal with. I found the opposite to be true. Good-looking, gifted, totally dedicated to an all-demanding sport, there were many things about these boys and girls to impress my camera. What remained with me then as now, however, was their youth. This may seem an obvious comment to make, but as I watched their happy, inspiring faces and their graceful young bodies gliding over the ice, I felt as though I was looking not at the present but into the future. They seemed to promise so much.

My last memory of Laurence Owen was in the vast and shadowy arena where a few hours earlier she had won the women's North American figure skating championship. The seats were all empty. All the skaters save one had left. Down on the ice one girl remained, encircled by a small group of amateur photographers. With a radiant smile that almost lit up that dark place, Laurence Owen was posing for her friends who had come down from Boston to see her skate. A joyful, beautiful girl on probably the happiest day of her life.

JAMES A. DRAKE

Philadelphia

Sirs:

I have made more than 100 drawings of the Owenses for the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED articles (Dec. 22, 1958 *et seq.*) and for Maribel's new book carefully, carefully, observing each face and skate, their hands just so. I know them very well, in a special way, as no one else does. I can close *my eyes and see their faces and hear their* laughter and I will hear it always and see them moving on the brilliant ice in the morning sunlight.

ROBERT RIGER

Brooklyn

NAUTICAL GAFF (cont.)

PARDON INTRUSION INTO SALT WATER DISCUSSION FROM MIDDLE OF DESERT BUT MUST TAKE ISSUE WITH 19TH HOLE FOR FEB. 27 "AEGEAN" IS FLYING THE ENSIGN PROPERLY WHILE AMERICAN AND INTERNATIONAL HIGH SEAS USAGE PRESCRIBES FLYING ENSIGN ON SCHOONER AT MAIN PEAK OR GAFF. IT IS THE CUSTOM OF EVERY EUROPEAN MARITIME NATION FROM NORWAY TO GREECE TO FLY ENSIGN FROM STAFF AT STERN ON ALL TYPES OF SAILING VESSELS UNDER WEIGH

CARLETON MITCHELL

PHOENIX

BOXING'S BLIND AND BUFFS

Sirs:

Your article *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here* (Feb. 20) points a magnifying lens at the proverbial blind men and the elephant. Granted that all five members will benefit from the Patterson-Johansson fight next month, still the accompanying drawing lacks one representative figure, namely, us—the poor, blind public.

JACQUES B. NICHOLS

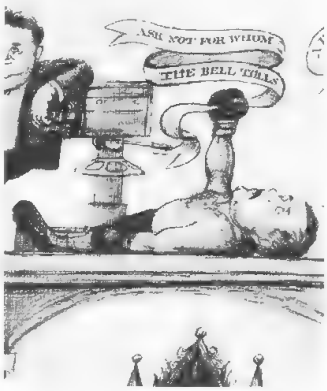
Stanford, Calif.

Sirs:

Your drawing showed the Swede out cold,
And this we think is fine.
But "prone" he's not, you must agree;
That pose is called supine.

J. F. SWAIN

Prospect Park, Pa.



SUPINE INGO: PRONE TO DISAGREE

THE FANS AND FRANÇOIS

Sirs:

I love ice hockey dearly, but now I know why André François illustrates children's books *The Most Beautiful Game of All*, Feb. 20). Those paintings of my second-favorite sport look like some that I submitted to my first-grade teacher 20 years ago.

EMILIE MULHOLLAND

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

If you can't find anything better with which to fill in those empty pages, just leave them blank.

ROBERT D. BOIVIN

Niagara University, N.Y.

Sirs:

André should have gone back to Madison Square Garden at least two more times before he attempted this bit.

ROBERT N. BOTT

New York City

TAKE OVER

Sirs:
The paintings are excellent.
TIMOTHY HARTZER
South Bend, Ind.

Sirs:
Am I correct in assuming that the two teams in the pictures are the New York Rangers and the Montreal Canadiens?
ROBERT NOVAK
Brooklyn

● Artist François was sketching impressions—not making portraits. However, the Rangers and the Canadiens were indeed playing each other the night he saw the game at the Garden.—ED.

POLITICAL FISH

Sirs:
Agreed, our state fisheries department is politically influenced (*Long, Cold War at the Edge of the Sea*, Feb. 20). The director of the department is appointed by the governor, which inescapably involves politics in the operation of the department. There is widespread agreement that this law should be changed in favor of a nonpolitical commission. But that the department is "incompetent" I strongly dispute. Milo Moore, the director of the Washington State Department of Fisheries, was chiefly responsible for conceiving the salmon farm program, which has received wholehearted support of both sport and commercial fishermen. This program has commanded the interest of fisheries experts from all maritime portions of this country, as well as Canada, Japan, the Australian Commonwealth and Scandinavia.

The policies of the present department were made an issue in last fall's gubernatorial campaign. I know personally of several people who voted as they did in that election because retention of the incumbent administration meant retention of Milo Moore. Perhaps this is a selfish viewpoint to take in voting for a governor, but it does point up the fact that many thoughtful people, in both the commercial and the sport fishing camps, felt strongly that their interests lay in that direction.
GEORGE WORKS
Seattle

DANGEROUS DRIFT

Sirs:
Heartiest congratulations on Part II of your Safe Driving series (*Come Corner with Me*, Feb. 13). To sports car people young and old, this series has been most informative and interesting.

I do, however, feel that you are not acting in the best interests of your readers by devoting nearly a full page to a description of "slide and drift" techniques. Despite the fact that Jack Brabham twice notes that such "highly specialized techniques should be attempted only on a closed track" and by experienced racing drivers, you have made such tactics most tempting to the amateur.
J. JEFFREY STIVES
Bethlehem, Pa.

FORETASTE OF GLORY

Sirs:
I am very much interested in Whitney Tower's articles on racing. But in his writings on Kentucky Derby prospects (*The Derby for a Son of Saggy?*, Feb. 20) he left out Ross Sea. I think this one will be great as time goes on.
S. R. LEONE
Dunkirk, N.Y.

Sirs:
If Carry Back does not win the Derby, and the Preakness and the Belmont as well, I will, personally, eat this letter (if you send it back to me).
THOMAS TOBIN
Portsmouth, R.I.

● A reasonable facsimile on comparable paper will suffice, should the necessity arise.—ED.

PUTTING PROGRESS

Sirs:
Thank you for presenting that very instructive and informative article by Bill Casper (*My Secrets of Putting*, Feb. 20). Already I have noticed new accuracy and consistency coming into my greens play.
BUZZ HANDSCHUMACHER
Stanford, Calif.

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PAT ON THE BACK

JERRY COLBURN

The lone ranger

When Jerry Colburn is on rescue duty at Squaw Valley it is understandable if male skiers hope for accidents. Jerry is undoubtedly the prettiest ski patroller on either side of the Rockies, and in six years she has brought aid and comfort to more than 200 injured skiers. But Jerry is more than a pretty rescue worker on skis; she is the only woman member of the U.S. Forest Service's Snow Rangers—a small and sturdy group of experts trained in the art of avalanche control. Since the job requires strength, skill and endurance, the Forest Service was reluctant to accept a woman when Jerry first applied to the Snow Ranger school at Alta, Utah.

"They relented at last," says Jerry, "with the warning that I would be granted no special considerations (other than separate sleeping quarters) and that I must keep up with the men."

Jerry kept up all right and even stepped out ahead. In addition to her rescue work at Squaw, she now teaches avalanche control to others.


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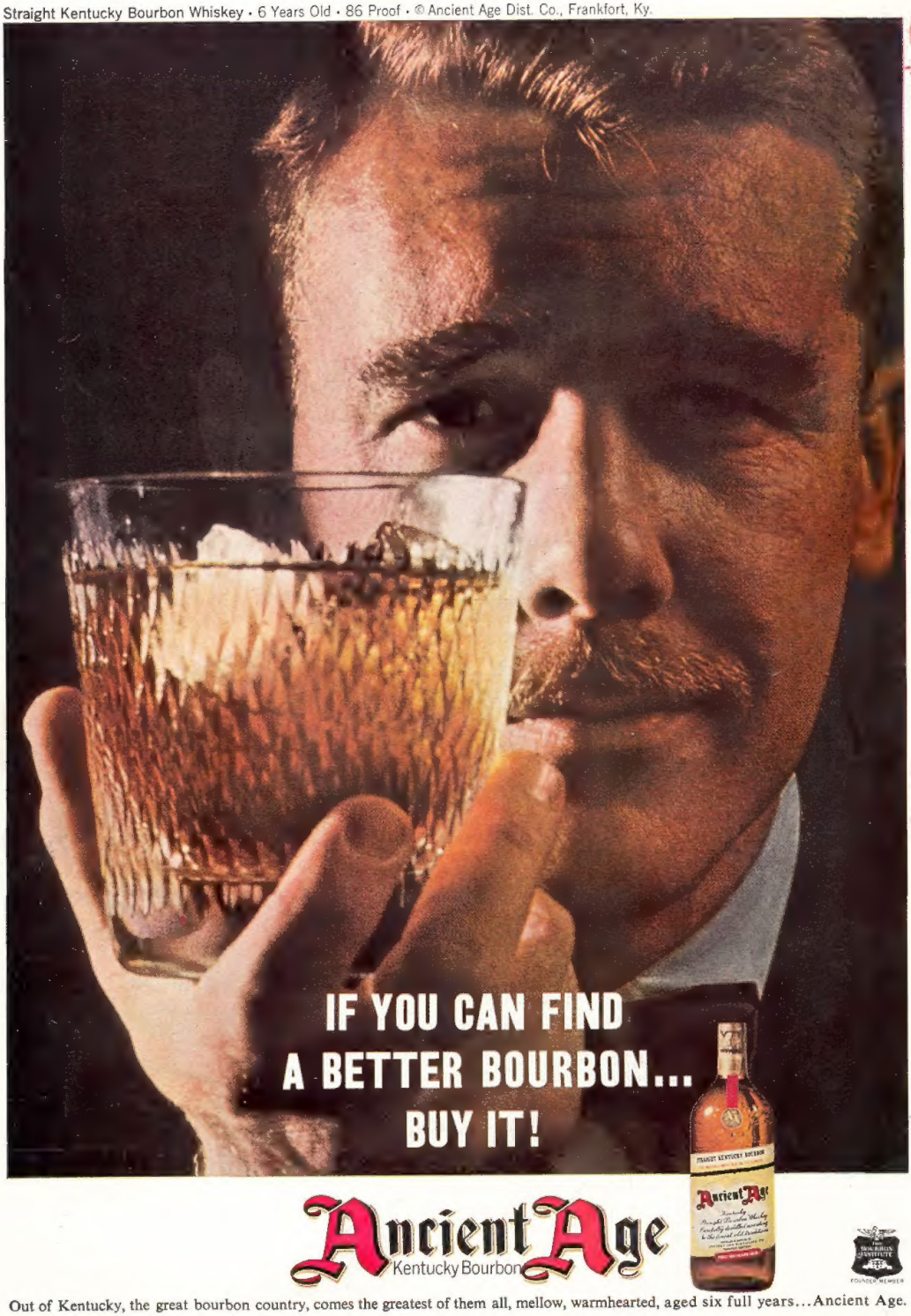

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